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RECENT ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

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In the year 1827, Captain Sir John Ross, being stimulated by the desire of securing to his countrymen the honor of settling the long agitated question of a North-west passage, proposed to the government to make a voyage to the North Seas, with the view of discovering the North-west passage. The government of the day declined Captain Ross' offer, but that gallant officer was induced to appeal from the parsimony of the nation to the generosity of his countrymen, amongst whom he found one ready to respond with heart and hand to his appeal. Sir Felix Booth, an opulent distiller, the friend of Ross, and promoter of science, generously agreed to coöperate in Sir John Ross' views for the purpose of equipping an expedition, upon one condition, viz., that his connection with the expedition should not be made known. The secret was religiously preserved until the return of Sir John Ross, and it is probable that to this circumstance we are indebted solely for the expedition, whose history we are about to narrate.

It will be recollected that at this time a statute was in operation by which a parliamentary reward of £20,000 was offered for the discovery of a North-west passage, which statute, immediately after Sir John Ross had offered his services to the government, was suddenly repealed. What might have been the object of the government in repealing this statute, at this particular period, it is not for us to say; but it was believed at the time to have reference to Captain Ross' application, and was supposed to have for its sole aim the depriving Captain Ross of the main inducement for undertaking his projected voyage. Of this, however, we know nothing, but if such were the paltry motives of the government, Providence strangely baffled human wisdom and worked out of that, which was intended to be a defeat, the means of accomplishing the object which the government studiously endeavored to prevent.

At the time that the application to Sir Felix Booth was first made, he declined to coöperate with Captain Ross, upon the ground that, while an act of Parliament was in force offering £20,000 for the discovery of a North-west passage, his motives might be probably misconstrued by his countrymen, and be referred to the selfish consideration of securing the reward. In the mean time, however, the statute was repealed, and this act of meanness, unworthy of the British name, became the accidental means of securing to Sir John Ross the patronage which otherwise he must have forfeited. As soon as it was communi-

cated to Sir Felix Booth, that the offer of the parliamentary reward had been withdrawn, the scruples of that gentleman were of course removed; and now that no unworthy suspicion of interested motives could any longer rest upon his conduct, he generously and heartily gave his warmest coöperation in the matter. Captain Ross was invested with unlimited powers to provide, at his expense, all that was necessary for securing the success of the expedition. There can be little doubt that the motives of Captain Ross, in this matter, were not less pure than those of his munificent patron; he had been unfortunate in his first expedition, but it was impossible to conceive that his reputation had thereby been injured. He had, however, been goaded and tormented by a host of dull pamphlets, and scurrilous calumnies had been printed to his prejudice; it was therefore natural that he should wish to disarm the malignity of his enemies, and withdraw himself from their malignant influence by some glorious achievement in regions which appeared to invite his energies.

It cannot be denied that Sir John Ross was harshly treated, and it was too apparent that at this time some underhand and unfriendly influence, at the very centre and seat of the power upon which he relied for professional advancement, worked seriously to his prejudice. He had committed no fault which justified an attack upon his fair fame; he had yielded to the influence of circumstances, which experience in the Arctic region proves to be not unusual, and shows how extremely difficult it is, in some states of weather, to trace the line of an ice-bound coast. If the same severity had been inflicted upon other discoverers, in the higher walks of science and inquiry; if it were allowable to assail the reputation of all eminent men who have stood within the grasp of attainment, and as it were upon the very threshold of the temple of discovery, how much should we detract from the splendid galaxy of glory which now sheds a halo of brightness about the history of our great men!

The plan of Captain Ross upon this occasion differed materially from what had been adopted by his predecessors. The novelty upon which he principally relied for his success, consisted in employing a steam vessel with a small draught of water; and with this view he purchased the *Victory*, a vessel which had been used as a packet between Liverpool and the Isle of Man. This vessel was strengthened and enlarged until she was capable of carrying 150 tons, including her engine and stock of provisions. Her engine was one of high pressure, and the paddle wheels, which were those of Mr. Robertson, were so ar-

ranged as to be capable of being hoisted out of the water at any moment. Stores of provisions and fuel were supplied for a thousand days, and the munificent auspices under which the expedition sailed, supplied an abundance of valuable instruments. Captain Ross selected his nephew, (now Sir James Ross,) an officer who had already distinguished himself in several previous expeditions, as his second in command; Mr. Thom, who had already sailed in a former voyage of Captain Ross in the *Isabella*, was appointed third officer; and these officers, in common with Sir John Ross, agreed to serve without pay. With these, Mr. McDiarmid was subsequently associated, and, together with a crew of nineteen men, formed the ship's complement. For the conveyance of stores, Captain Ross had purchased, at Greenock, a whaler, built of teak, called the *John*, with a crew of fifty-four men, and, for the purpose of alleviating the great expense of the expedition, it was proposed that the *John* was to fish by the way and bring home some of the stores of the wrecked *Fury*. Captain Ross also determined to have another vessel for subordinate purposes, and he obtained, through the Admiralty, the use of the *Krusenstern*, which had accompanied a former expedition; to this must be added two boats made of mahogany, which had formerly been used by Captain Franklin, and these particulars completed his equipment.

The expedition sailed from Woolwich on the 23d of May, 1829, to meet the *John*, under the charge of Mr. Thom, in *Lock Ryan*, and on the 9th of June, they reached Port Logan. From Mr. Thom, Captain Ross learned that the crew and officers of the *John* were in a state approaching to mutiny, and that they had not only refused to accompany the expedition, but had even attempted to seduce several of the crew of the *Victory* from their duty. These brave fellows, however, stood stanch to their engagement, and resisted all attempts to mislead them; and Captain Ross resolved to proceed alone, abandoning all the advantages which he had anticipated from the assistance of the whaler.

Sir John Ross resumed his voyage on the 14th of June, after increasing his crew by three volunteers; but it was only to encounter fresh danger, and to be opposed to new sources of annoyance. The *Victory* was assailed by a frightful storm, and while two men were engaged in furling the top-gallant sail, the head of the foremast gave way with a terrible crash; being, however, caught by the rigging, the two men had time to escape. During this gale, the *Victory* split her jib at midnight on the 15th, and on searching for the storm jib to replace it, they found only the rope; the canvass having been cut off and stolen by some plunderer in the Thames. But these misfortunes did not complete the sum of annoyances to which our navigators were exposed; but they were manfully resisted by the energetic and gallant little band, who soon repaired all traces of the ravages of the late storm.

Captain Ross had now another source of tor-

ment to struggle against in the crazy steam engine with which he had embarked, whose worthless character he had not until too late discovered. As the means of locomotion the engine was found nearly useless, but what it wanted in power, it made up in noise, and other accompaniments which might have been well spared. It puffed and squirted from a thousand gaping orifices; the pumps creaked and labored, but did nothing else, while the bellows, as though to mourn the calamity of being found in such bad company, moaned eternally in asthmatic inspirations the dire calamity of their fate. It may well be supposed that Sir John Ross had now upon his hands as much as he could manage, but, notwithstanding these accumulated calamities, he bore up energetically against his misfortunes, and, in spite of the perversity of *Boreas* and his engine, he managed to get into the Danish settlement of *Holsteinberg* on the 23d of July. Here he obtained what he wanted, besides receiving an amount of hospitality on the part of the generous *Dane*, which ought not to be passed over without acknowledgment; the generous benefactor of our countrymen at the time refusing to receive any recompense for the greater part of the useful stores which were furnished to the *Victory*.

On the 27th of July, the *Victory* quitted the shores of Greenland, and, after crossing *Baffin's Bay*, entered *Lancaster Sound* on the 6th of August. After passing *Cape York* and *Cape Warrender*, the expedition entered *Prince Regent's Inlet* on the 12th of August, and, on the 13th, the ships had passed the coast surveyed by Captain Parry, and discovered a fine harbor, with a safe anchorage, which they called *Adelaide Bay*; the bay being discovered on the birthday of that illustrious princess, whose name it bears. Being now in the immediate neighborhood of the spot where the *Fury* had been abandoned, Captain Ross resolved to search for the wreck of the vessel, and to avail himself of the stores which Captain Parry had left with the wreck. A strong current had driven the *Victory* to the south of the spot which they now sought; but, after much laborious exertion, they at length reached the beach on which the *Fury's* stores had been formerly landed, on her abandonment by Captain Parry. They found the boats, provisions, etc., of the *Fury* in good condition, but they could discern no vestige of the wreck. The coast was lined with coal, and it was with no small amount of anxious interest and curiosity, that they proceeded to the only tent which still remained entire. This had been formerly the mess-tent of the officers of the *Fury*; but it now bore evident marks of having been latterly the rendezvous of bears. There had been near the door of the tent a packet, wherein Commander Ross had left his memorandum book with some specimens of birds; but now all had disappeared, without leaving the traces or a fragment of the former contents; and the sides of the tent were in many places torn out of the ground, but in other respects it was entire.

The preserved meats and vegetables all remained untouched; and the canisters, which had been piled up into heaps, remained apparently in the same condition as when they were left. There had been no water apparently to rust them, and the security of the joinings had prevented the bears from smelling their contents. On opening the canisters, it was found that the meats were not frozen, nor was the taste of the several articles in the least degree altered. The wine, spirits, sugar, bread, flour, and cocoa, were in equally good condition, with the exception of a part of the latter, which had been lodged in provision casks. The lime-juice and the pickles were slightly impaired; and the sails, which had been well made up, were not only dry but had the appearance of never having been wetted. One remarkable fact was observed, viz., the spun-yarn had been bleached white, and all evidence of the presence or smell of tar had entirely vanished. They proceeded to the beach where the *Fury* had been wrecked, but no trace of her hull was to be distinguished. Captain Ross, however, was too familiar with the gigantic operations of large masses of moving ice to be at a loss to account for the disappearance of the wreck of the *Fury*. He concluded that she had been carried, either bodily off, or had been ground to atoms and floated away.

The spare mizen topmast of the *Fury* was converted into a new boom in the stead of the one which had been lost. They also made available some anchors and hawsers, together with some boatswain's and carpenter's stores, of which they were in want. They found a screen lined with fearnought in good condition, but the bears had overset the harness cask and devoured nearly the whole of the contents. Some of the candle boxes had also been entered either by ermines or mice; and the visitors had taken extreme liberties with the contents, one of these boxes being entirely emptied, and the others having been seriously encroached upon. Although the ropes were bleached, they were found to be sound, as were the cables. The chain cable and the carronades, were more or less covered with the small stones on the beach, and, with the exception of being slightly rusted, were in the same condition as when they had been left. The powder magazine detached from the rest of the store was unroofed, and its waterproof cloth in tatters; but the patent cases had preserved the gunpowder perfectly dry.

Thus reinstated and amply furnished, as it were in the midst of the desert, by a supply of manna, they resumed their career of discovery along a new line of coast; sometimes with open sea, at others hurried into streams of ice; sometimes threatened with instant death, at others enlivened into hope that their laborious efforts would at last be crowned with success. It is utterly impossible to convey any idea of the scenes which Sir John Ross, in his narrative of this voyage, has sought to realize to the imagination of his readers, and he

has himself justly observed that no description can convey any idea of the scenes of this nature, for the pencil can neither represent motion nor noise. Captain Ross thus endeavors to convey an idea of the every-day scenes of an Arctic voyage, and what it is the fate of an Arctic navigator continually to witness and to feel.

Let them remember (says Sir John Ross) that ice is a stone—a floating rock in the stream, a promontory or an island when aground—not less solid than if it were of granite. Then let them imagine, if they can, these crystal mountains, hurled through a narrow strait by a rapid tide, meeting as mountains in motion would meet, with a noise of thunder, breaking from each other's precipices huge fragments, or rending each other asunder; losing their former equilibrium, they fall over headlong, lifting the sea around in breakers, and whirling it in eddies; while the flatter fields of ice, forced against these masses, or against the rocks by the wind and the stream, rise out of the sea till they fall back on themselves, adding to the indescribable commotion and noise which attend these occurrences.

The expedition continued its progress southwards until stopped by the ice on the 30th September, 1829; here was found an excellent harbor, to which Captain Ross gave the name of Felix Harbor, in compliment to his generous and patriotic benefactor. He had now advanced 300 miles further than had been effected by any previous expedition, and was not more than 280 miles from the coast laid down by Sir John Franklin. But the labors of the navigators were incessant, as was the anxiety of Captain Ross. They were continually impeded by the imperfection of their steam engine, which gradually became more and more useless, and finally was deemed a serious incumbrance to the ship. It was therefore resolved that the *Victory* should be made to depend upon her sails, the engine being removed from the ship and left with its boilers on the shore.

The winter was passed, as are all winters in these dreary latitudes; the officers recorded their meteorological and magnetic observations; the months of October, November, and December passed away; and Christmas welcomed our navigators to a seasonable dinner of roast beef, mince pies, and cherry brandy, which they had preserved from the wreck of the *Fury*.

In the beginning of the year 1830, they established a friendly intercourse with the natives, and from these people obtained some important geographic information, to verify which became the duty of Commander Ross, who volunteered this service early in April, accompanied by one of the mates and guided by two of the natives. They proceeded to the spot indicated by the Esquimaux, and found that the north land was connected to the south by two ridges of high land of fifteen miles in breadth; but taking into consideration a chain of fresh water lakes which occupied the valleys between the dry land, separating the two oceans, the extent was estimated to be about five miles. Commander Ross surveyed the sea-coast to the

southward of the isthmus leading to the westward, to the 99° of longitude, to which point the land, after leading him into the 70° of north latitude, trended directly; at the same time he surveyed thirty miles of the adjacent coast, being that to the north of the isthmus. The rest of this season was employed in tracing the sea-coast south of the isthmus to the eastward, the result of which left no doubt that it joined, as the natives had previously informed them, to Ackullee and the land forming Repulse Bay. It also appeared that there was no passage to the westward for thirty miles to the north of their position.

The navigators, now anxious to extend their labors to a more northern latitude, waited with anxiety for the breaking up of the ice. Their most active efforts and persevering patience, however, only succeeded in retracing about four miles, and it was not until the middle of November, that they effected their object of cutting the vessel into a place of security, which they named Sheriffs' Harbor. Sir John Ross named the newly discovered continent to the southward "Boothia," as also the isthmus, the peninsula to the north, and the eastern sea, after his munificent patron and friend. The geological structure of the coast which was traversed, resembled what they had formerly seen; though it was believed to exhibit a greater variety of granite, or gneiss, and the whitish shale of the limestone containing shells. The soundings indicated a clay so tough as to require great force to overcome its tenacity. They found some sandstone, and in some of the small bays they observed accumulations of white sand. They saw no wood, but found a heath with stems about an inch thick, being the largest plant discovered. The land near the sea was bare; but inland there were plains and valleys of considerable extent covered with vegetation. The lakes were full of fish, and many hares were discovered concealed among the rocks, and tracks of reindeer were discernible near the shore. They also observed the remains of the summer habitations of the Esquimaux, with fox-traps and bones of whales, but all these bore evident marks of antiquity. The year 1831 set in with unusual violence; the thermometer sunk to 92° below the freezing point, and the average of the temperature of the year was 10° below the preceding one; the navigators, however, in spite of great difficulties, aggravated by the unusual severity of the season, travelled across the country to the west sea by a chain of lakes thirty miles north of the isthmus; and Commander Ross succeeded in surveying fifty miles more of the coast, leading to the north-west; and as they were able to trace the shore to the northward of their position, they inferred that there could be no passage below the 71° of latitude. In the autumn they succeeded in getting the vessel fourteen miles to the northward, but as they had not doubled the Eastern Cape they entertained but faint hope of saving the ship. They now hove the ship in her present port, which they named "Victory Harbor." In the following

spring, having despatched provisions and fuel in advance, they left the ship on the 29th May, 1832, for Fury Beach, and from the difficulties which stood in their way, and the great circuit they were obliged to make, they did not reach the limit of their journey until the 1st July, exhausted by hunger and fatigue. Here they speedily constructed a hut and the boats were repaired; but the very unfavorable appearance of the ice fostered little hope, until the 1st August, when in three boats they reached the spot where the Fury was first driven on shore. On the first September they reached Leopold south Island, in latitude 73° 56', and longitude 90° west. From the high ground they could see Prince Regent's Inlet, Barrow's Strait, and Lancaster Sound, invested in one impenetrable barrier of ice, and the position of the travellers now assumed a most alarming aspect. All attempts to pass through were vain, and at length they were impelled by want of provisions and the approach of severe weather to return to Fury Beach, where they arrived on the 7th of October, having been obliged to abandon their boats at Batty Bay. Their habitation here consisted of a frame of spars, 32 feet by 16, covered with canvass, the roof being subsequently covered with snow from four to seven feet thick. Here they lost one of their party, Mr. C. Thomas, the carpenter; and three others, beside the one who had lost his foot, were reduced to the last stage of debility, and only thirteen of the whole party were able to carry provisions in seven journeys, of sixty-two miles each, to Batty Bay. They left Fury Beach on the 8th July, carrying with them the three sick men, who were unable to walk, and in six days they reached the boats, where the sick men daily recovered. The spring was mild, but it was not until the 15th August, that the temperature of the season sufficiently relaxed its rigor to induce them to leave their quarters. A gale now sprang up from the westward and suddenly opened a lane of water along shore; in two days they reached their former position, and from the mountain they saw clear water almost directly across Prince Regent's Inlet. They crossed on the 17th, and being overtaken by a storm, they sought shelter about twelve miles to the eastward of Cape York. On the following day the gale abated, and they crossed Admiralty Inlet, and here were detained six days on the coast by a strong north-east wind. On the 25th they crossed Navy Board Inlet, and on the following morning, with inexpressible joy and gratitude, they descried a ship in the offing becalmed, which ultimately turned out to be the *Isabella* of Hull, the identical ship commanded in 1818 by Captain Ross, in which he had made his first voyage of Arctic Exploration. They reached her at noon, and were treated with every available means of kindness and hospitality. It appeared that the commander of the *Isabella* had in vain sought for Sir John Ross and his party in Prince Regent's Inlet; a fact it is hoped which may induce those engaged in the present existing expeditions in search of Sir

John Franklin, to avoid arriving at too hasty conclusions from the result of superficial examinations in these rigorous climes. It is also to be hoped that the four years' absence of Sir John Ross, without leaving any traces by which his friends might be able to judge of his fate, and his subsequent safe return, may be considered as circumstances of favorable augury of the fate of the gallant Franklin and his brave and devoted companions. What has been done once, may, under the same circumstances, be repeated, and it may reasonably be hoped that the position of Sir John Franklin can hardly be more unfavorable than was that of Sir John Ross.

The second voyage performed by Sir John Ross was no doubt attended with many valuable results, in astronomy, geography, natural history, and hydrography, but it was chiefly remarkable for the magnetic results which were obtained by the labors of Commander Ross. On the 27th May, 1831, this gallant officer left the ship on a journey which was undertaken for the sole purpose of determining the spot which had been indicated as the North Magnetic Pole. In the preceding year Commander Ross had been within ten miles of the assigned point, but as he was at that time unprovided with the necessary instruments, the desirable object of verifying the position of the Pole was unwittingly abandoned. It was on the 1st June, after a rapid march, that they found themselves within reach of the object of their ambition. They found the land of this place low near the coast, but rising into ridges of fifty or sixty feet high about a mile inland. The spot, so far as it manifested outward marks of structure, was totally destitute of interest, and the explorers regretted that there was not a mountain to indicate a spot which seemed likely to absorb so much and such general interest. But here, nature, ever mysterious in the development of her wonders, displayed no outward sign to indicate this deep womb of her mysteries. Unlike the little mechanical greatness of inflated man—silent and simple, nature preserves here the simplicity and unobtrusive magnificence which characterize the handmaid of the creation. Nothing was found which could indicate to the man of science, that he stood upon hallowed ground—the starry firmament—the uneffaceable vestiges imprinted on the heavens, and the great engine of mathematics, were all that were available to Sir James Clark Ross in this wilderness of wonders. With these, and a few fragments of limestone, which were found upon the beach, he recorded upon the earth's surface the spot coincident with the North Magnetic Pole, the latitude being $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$, and the longitude $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$ west.

Of course we cannot but regard the observations made by Sir James Clark Ross, as leading to a result highly satisfactory to scientific enquiry, seeing that the point upon the earth's surface, assigned by Sir James Clark Ross as the North Magnetic Pole coincides very nearly with results previously arrived at by mathematical deduction; differing but to the amount of a degree from the

result previously attained by Professor Hansteen, and differing but slightly from the curves given by Professor Barlow. But notwithstanding our willingness to concede to Sir James Ross to the utmost of his merit, we are in justice obliged to confess that we cannot regard his observations in the light of a discovery. All that Sir James Ross can fairly be entitled to claim is the merit of standing upon a spot upon the earth's surface, where the dip was $89^{\circ} 59'$, and where the polarity of his nicely suspended needles was not sensible. It also appears to us that the act of calling this spot the Magnetic Pole of William IV. betrayed a lack of scientific accuracy on the part of Sir James Ross, which, considering his pretensions, must be regarded as unfortunate. We suppose that Sir James Ross is aware that this magnetic pole is movable, having a mean annual motion of about $11' 4''$ and consequently that the spot which he has designated as the Magnetic Pole of William IV. will in the course of a few years have moved to a considerable distance from the place so designated, and will continue to be carried round the Arctic Zone until the year A. D. 3725; when once more the point designated as the Magnetic Pole of William IV. will for a season become a magnetic pole, and then again be deserted for another period. Considering, also, the very plentiful supply of instruments with which this expedition was furnished, and the peculiar facilities which the expedition afforded to the navigators, it seems to us that much more ought to have been effected than appears to have been the case. In Sir James Ross' narrative we look in vain for any observations in reference to the pole of maximum cold, which has been placed in the vicinity of the places which he visited. It is unnecessary to remind our readers that the result of very numerous observations has favored the hypothesis that the pole of the greatest degree of cold is not coincident with the pole of the equator; but that there are two poles of maximum cold in each hemisphere. The position which has been assigned to the pole of maximum cold in North America was 73° N. latitude, and 100° W. longitude, or about 2° to the north of the magnetic pole. It was, therefore, not too much to expect from the scientific accuracy of Sir James Ross that some light might be thrown upon this curious point of physics; but we regret that not only is this wanting, but even the ordinary meteorological results which he has recorded as the fruits of his labor are anything but complete.

Taking all the circumstances together, the origin, the manner of conduct, and the ultimate results of this voyage, we may fairly consider it the most remarkable which has yet been recorded in the annals of maritime discovery. The great length of time which had elapsed since the first embarkation of Sir John Ross to his return had caused the most serious alarm to be apprehended on his account; and the nation, despairing of his return, had, with its characteristic and praiseworthy generosity, already sent out Captain Back in search of him and his gallant companions. On

his return, Sir John was greeted with the most enthusiastic welcome on all sides; at Hull he received the freedom of that town, and had the honor of laying at the feet of his majesty, William IV., at Windsor, the British flag which had been hoisted on the magnetic pole. The Admiralty advanced £4580 12s. 3d., to discharge the wages of the crew of the *Victory*, and £5000 was voted by the House of Commons to Captain Ross, who was further rewarded with a grant of the Order of the Bath, and the honor of knighthood by his majesty; nor were his brave companions forgotten. Commander Ross was by a special minute of the Admiralty promoted to the rank of post captain, and Mr. Thom was subsequently appointed purser to the *Canopus* eighty-four. Mr. M. Diarmid was also promoted, and the crew were generally provided for.

While the fate of the gallant Ross and his intrepid companions was yet unknown, and considerable anxiety on account of his protracted absence was beginning to manifest itself in the public mind, an expedition was projected to search for the missing navigators, and Commander Back offering his services, he was accepted by the government. With this end he placed himself under the disposition of the Governors and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The party, consisting of Commander Back, Mr. Richard King, who had been appointed surgeon and naturalist to the expedition, and three men, were despatched to Liverpool, on the 17th of February, 1833, and were to proceed from thence by the packet to New York, and afterwards to Albany and Montreal. The first part of the journey of Commander Back coincided with the route usually followed by the Company's servants to the Great Slave Lake, and that of Sir A. Mackenzie; it is therefore unnecessary here to do more than indicate his route. On arriving at Norway House, Commander Back found ample preparation already awaiting him for the prosecution of his perilous enterprise. He found a party of twenty men, composed of steersmen, artillery-men, &c., already collected, and ready to accompany him. As the party approached the islands, their labors, difficulties, and dangers, began to accumulate around them. Rapids and cascades incessantly beset their path, and in order to avoid them they were constrained, by the most fatiguing efforts, to force their way through woods of stunted swamp fir, through rivulets, and across swamps; their labors being greatly increased by the weight of their baggage. This laborious duty did not exhaust the ills which were doomed to await upon our travellers, for myriads of sand flies and mosquitoes attacked them so energetically that the faces of the travellers streamed with blood. To avoid them was impossible; and although a vain defence might be offered by crushing them in mighty hosts, yet the unequal conflict always terminated in favor of the tormentors; and at last, subdued by pain and fatigue, the traveller is obliged to throw himself down in despair, and with his face to the

earth, and half-suffocated in the folds of his blanket, thus groans away a few hours in sleepless rest. Having reached the eastern shore of the Great Slave Lake, Mr. McLeod was directed to prepare a winter residence for the party, on their return from the discovery of the source of the river which was to convey them to the sea-coast. This pursuit was instituted without loss of time, and the party were soon involved by numerous lakes, rapids, rivers, and cataracts. Arriving at a lofty hill they saw a lake, out of which it was alleged one of the branches of the sought-for river issued. Here they found themselves invested with what might appear an eternal solitude—few organized beings, with the exception of the ever-attendant mosquitoes, were seen; the air was calm, the bosom of the lake was unruffled, nature seemed to slumber, and the guardian of her repose suffered not a whisper to disturb her sleep.

Back had now to descend a river, then known by a native designation, but since laid down in the charts, by the name of *Back's River*. The principal stream was soon after approached, but as the season was advanced, it was deemed necessary to return to Fort Reliance, which was to be made their winter quarters, where they found the works advanced nearly towards completion.

The description given by Commander Back, of the sufferings of the miserable beings, who are heirs to the miseries and hardships of these frozen regions, is truly deplorable; want of food and fuel pursue the wretched native of these dreary climes at every turn. We extract the following passage from Back's interesting journal:—

Our hall was in a manner filled with invalids, and other stupidly dejected beings, who, seated round the fire, occupied themselves in roasting and devouring small bits of their reindeer garments, which, even when entire, afforded them a very insufficient protection against a temperature of 102° below the freezing point (70° below zero.) The father, torpid and despairing—the mother, with a hollow and sepulchral wail, vainly endeavoring to soothe the infant which, with unceasing moan, clung to her shrivelled and exhausted breast—the passive child, gazing vacantly around—such was one of the many groups that surrounded us.

Nor was Back's party without their share of the misery which is the inheritance of these climes. The party suffered much from the intense severity of the weather, and, their rations diminishing rapidly, they had little to sustain their hopes, or renew their flagging energy. They now set about making preparations for their journey to the sea-coast, and, whilst thus engaged, a messenger, on the 25th April, arrived with a packet addressed to Commander Back, and which was found to contain the welcome but unexpected intelligence of the safety of Captain Ross and his party. On the 7th June, Commander Back, accompanied by Mr. King, left Fort Reliance, and on the 28th of the same month, the boat was carried over the last portage which divides the northern stream from the southern, into the latter of

which she was to be launched, being the same river which had been discovered by Back, and known as Back's River. From this point, until they attained the sea, they met with a constant succession of falls and rapids, which greatly impeded their progress, and, indeed, for eighty or ninety miles, strong and heavy rapids, with falls and whirlpools, kept the men in a constant state of exertion and anxiety. At length they arrived at the last and most formidable of the rapids, and, at the same time, fell in with a party of those treacherous Esquimaux, against whom they had been warned by the Indians. A few presents were given to them, and Back visited their tents, and was introduced to their women and children. By the aid of these people, who exhibited the most friendly intentions, and sedulously contributed all in their power to the assistance of Commander Back and his party, Commander Back was enabled to transport the boat below the fall; a circumstance which probably was the means of enabling them to reach the sea, for it was announced that so perilous was the cataract which they were thus enabled to avoid, that no boat could descend it, and that the crew were utterly unequal to the task of conveying it over the steep and long portage. The party bade farewell to their Esquimaux friends on the 28th July, and on the following day they distinguished a lofty headland, at a great distance to the north, apparently on the eastern side of the river; this ultimately turned out to be one side of the opening into the sea. To this promontory, Commander Back gave the name of Victoria, in honor of her most gracious majesty, who was then princess royal. Thus they arrived at the mouth of the newly discovered river, after a violent and tortuous course of 530 geographical miles, running through an iron-ribbed country, without a single tree on the whole line of its banks, expanding into fine lakes, with clear horizons, most embarrassing to the navigator, and broken into falls, cascades, and rapids, to the number of eighty-three. This was in latitude $67^{\circ} 11' 00''$ N., and longitude $94^{\circ} 30' 00''$ W.; that is to say, about 37 miles more south than the mouth of the Coppermine River, and 19 miles more south than that of Back's River, at the lower extremity of Bathurst's Inlet. They had now reached the month of August; the weather had become chilly, wet, and foggy; they were surrounded by a desolate region, which produced nothing but reindeer-moss and a species of fern, both of which were, however, so saturated with water as to have become useless for fuel; they were therefore deprived of the means of dressing their food, and for an entire week they had enjoyed but one hot meal. In this cheerless position, unrelieved by any brighter prospect, Commander Back abandoned his original intention of proceeding coast-wise to Point Turnagain, to complete the survey then left unfinished by Captain Franklin. A small party, however, were despatched to the westward, to trace the coast, which they effected to the extent of 15 miles. In

the course of their journey, the detachment picked up several pieces of drift-wood, one of which was nine feet long and nine inches in diameter; these facts were supposed to establish the continuity of the coast from the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and of the current which had conveyed it. Commander Back named the extreme point seen to the northward, on the western side of the estuary, Cape Richardson, in latitude $68^{\circ} 46'$, longitude $96^{\circ} 20'$, west.

Under the circumstances of the case, Commander Back conceived he had no choice of action, and assembling the men, he informed them that the period fixed by his majesty's government for the return of the party had arrived, and that nothing now remained to be effected, but the ceremony of giving the name of William IV. to this part of their discoveries.

On the 15th of August, the ice, which for a time had blocked up the estuary, parted, and the boat was now brought into use with open water and a fair wind, which enabled them to make about twenty miles to the southward. The difficulties which they had formerly encountered were now more than doubled, for they had now to work against the stream, and rocks, and rapids; and a thousand other difficulties were to be conquered. These obstacles were, however, finally subdued, and Commander Back and his party safely arrived at Liverpool, after an absence of two years and about seven months.

It must be borne in mind that the expedition of Commander Back was one of humanity rather than of science, and, although the results are not without value in a scientific point of view, it is clear that they were made but of secondary consideration. Though the observations of Commander Back are far from being so perfect as we might have hoped, yet were they conducted with marked diligence, regularity and judgment, whenever they have been made the subject of record. Commander Back registered the indications of the thermometer fifteen times in twenty-four hours, at the same time registering the intensity of the wind, and its direction, and state of the weather. The registration, however, at Fort Reliance, ranged over only seven months in 1833-4, and five months in 1834-5; consequently we are left without the data whereby to deduce the mean temperature of the year for the climate of Fort Reliance. The greatest degree of cold registered by Commander Back was minus 70° , recorded on the 17th January, 1834. Ink was frozen in the pen at the distance of four-and-a-half feet from a large fire. In Commander Back's room the temperature was minus 8° , and the smoke of a wax taper in the observatory, at a temperature of minus 34° , rose in a sooty black column. We are indebted to the expedition of Commander Back, for a series of very interesting experiments upon the effects of intense cold upon a variety of substances, but we regret that our space only permits us to refer to them.

The most valuable results which science owes

to Commander Back, are those dependent on his observations on the dip and variation of the needle, and on the influence of the Aurora Borealis in drawing the needle away from the magnetic meridian. Commander Back's observations were made without interruption during six months in 1833-4, and five months in the years 1834-5. These observations show that the magnetic needle was constantly affected contemporaneously with the appearance of Aurora. He observed that a dense haze or fog in conjunction with an active Aurora, seemed uniformly favorable to the disturbance of the needle; and a low degree of temperature was found to be favorable to brilliant and active coruscations. It is also recorded that during two winters no sound was ever heard to accompany the phenomena.

Geography certainly owes a debt of gratitude to Captain Back; and it is impossible to look at the map of his discoveries without admitting that at least in this respect we owe much to the industry, perseverance, and intrepid conduct of this eminent traveller. Captain Back has filled up the great void which formerly lay in our maps between Bathurst Inlet, the Great Slave Lake, and Hudson's Bay, and united his survey with an extensive estuary of the Polar Sea.

Another voyage was undertaken by Captain Back, at the recommendation of the Royal Geographical Society. On the 14th June, 1836, the *Terror* left Chatham, and crossed Davis' Strait on the 20th of the following month. As they approached Resolution Island they became enveloped with its fogs, and impeded by its whirlpools, which tossed about the masses of ice and rendered the ships unmanageable. They advanced as far as the Savage Islands, near which they were hailed by a fleet of Keiyacks, and Komiaks, who are described in much the same terms as formerly by other travellers. The fair sex, in particular, were the most unruly, vociferous, and pertinaciously determined to trade; they were even willing to barter their children; and a young woman, amply furnished herself with nature's chiefest ornament, offered to supply to one of the officers, who was conspicuously deficient of this article, a head-dress from her own ample locks at the very moderate price of a curtain ring. On the 15th August, they made the spot where Back's instructions left him open to choose one of two routes, and he selected that which was to conduct him through the Frozen Straits. They now steered north-west, and experienced little difficulty as far as latitude $65^{\circ} 25'$. From this time, however, the navigation became more difficult and dangerous, and on the 5th September they were firmly fixed in the ice, and, the weather being thick, they had no means of ascertaining their position, their compasses being of course now of little use. On the 13th September, Cape Comfort bore N. N. E., and they were not above five miles from the nearest rocks. Not a pool of water was visible in any direction, the position of the ship was perilous in the extreme, and Captain Back exclaims, in

reference to their situation, "None but those who have experienced it can judge of the weariness of the heart, the blank of feeling, the feverish sickness of taste, which get the better of the whole man under circumstances such as these." They had now arrived at the middle of September, and they were still chained to the same spot, "held still within sight of the same land as in the grasp of a giant." This land was Cape Comfort, which Captain Back, considering the circumstances which attended his acquaintance with it, considered a most inappropriate name; and sure it is that no situation can be conceived more uncomfortable than was that at this time of Captain Back's party. The ship was wedged in between blocks of ice, on one day driven on one side, and on another on the other side of the cape, and so near to it as to make it little desirable that its distance should be by any means curtailed. They had now been thirty-four days in this perilous condition, when Captain Back deemed it prudent to take the opinion of his officers on the probability of success being attainable by persevering that season in the progress to Repulse Bay, and the unanimous opinion was that such progress was impracticable. Just as they were about to cut a dock in a favorable floe, which appeared the only course now open to them, with a prospect of remaining nine or ten months in the ice, a general commotion took place around them, and the whole body of the ice became separated into masses, accumulated in heaps, or pulverized; and while these operations were going on, it crushed everything that offered opposition, rushing violently to the westward. With this event, however, the troubles of Captain Back were not terminated; other floes supplied the place of those which had thus been suddenly disposed of, and the *Terror* became as fast as ever. The month of November had now commenced; they were still off Cape Comfort.

On the 11th January, the *Terror* was found to have been carried upon her ice wagon within three miles of Ridge Cliff, and in February the intensity of the cold began to do its work upon the crew; several were on the sick list, and a gunner who had formerly served with Parry died. But at last an opening in the floe was observed within forty paces of the ship—a circumstance which left no doubt that the great bulwark of their security had been shattered. It still, however, held together for three or four days, and bore them within sight of Sea Horse Point, the southern extreme of Southampton Island. On the 18th February, the eastern edge of the floe was observed to be giving way, and the crashing of the huge mass was soon followed by several severe shocks against the ship, and the rent in the ice formed one continuous line of separation directly through the centre on which the ship was mounted. The ship now began to suffer most severely; her timbers groaned and creaked, threatening every moment to yield to the increasing pressure. Then the ship heeled over to port and relieved herself

about six inches from the starboard embankment against the side; at this time the crashing, grinding, and rushing noise beneath, as well as on the borders of the floe, became alarming indications of the real position of the navigators; but they ultimately terminated by the ice breaking up into masses. Their situation was not improved by this event, for the ship now became violently struck, and the ice which remained about her was so splintered and jagged that it could not be approached by the boats. On the 20th, the ice was again in motion, and separated from the starboard side of the ship, which was now exposed to the pressure and abrasion of the ice, ever in noisy conflict and perpetual motion, so that the ship was made to crack fore and aft with hideous creaking that for several seconds was wont to hold the crew in agonizing suspense, awaiting for the result.

It soon appeared that the ship had still the base of the floe to rest upon, and though subjected to enormous external pressure, she was at intervals jerked up from the pressure underneath, with a groan each time from the woodwork. The gallant ship continued to suffer, but without any increase of leakage, until the 1st of March, when she became so hampered with ice underneath, that the remains of the floe on either side moved about eight or ten feet ahead, leaving the ship fixed in the midst, and wedged up in every direction.

Thus hampered and encumbered, the *Terror* was borne away into the ocean, trembling as she was struck from time to time by the immense masses with which she was surrounded, and straining and cracking as she resisted the enormous pressure which ever and anon rested upon her timbers. Whither they were borne, no one knew, for the prevailing fogs rendered observation impossible, and the compass had long been a faithless guide. On the 16th of March, another rush drove with irresistible force on the larboard quarter and stern, forcing the ship ahead, and hurling her upon the ice. Another equally violent rush now succeeded; and in its way to the starboard quarter, threw up a rolling wave thirty feet high, crowned by a blue square mass of many tons, resembling the entire side of a house, which at length fell with a crash into the hollow, in which, as a cavern, the after part of the ship seemed embedded. This was an agonizing moment for these dauntless men; it hung as it were upon eternity, so that each man restrained his breath as it were not to anticipate the dread fate which the next instant of time might consummate. They were now in momentary expectation of seeing the two remaining floe-pieces on which they were suspended separate, so as to allow the ship to settle into the water; still they remained firmly established: the sides of the icy cradle upon which they rested had disappeared, but the foundation remained. On the 10th April, near Sea Horse Point, they encountered rising waves of ice which rolled in cumulous masses towards the ship. One of these reared itself thirty feet, and falling upon the inner floe-piece, crushed it into a thousand fragments, disengaging a mass of ice of several

tons, which being added to the original bulk, the whole bore down upon them. The ship was now high out of the water on the ice, but the suspended wave hung over her like a tower. In the mean time, they approached by degrees towards the land ice; large rents were now seen in the main ice at right angles on each side of the fore chains, and the ship, being unable to right herself, suffered the most violent threatening pressure. How long the stability of the vessel might have enabled them to withstand this perilous accumulation of evils it is impossible to say. They were, however, relieved from their danger at a moment which may be regarded as the crisis of their fate. The elements were assuaged, and the tumult which had hitherto threatened their momentary destruction was suspended. The sails, which had for months been useless, were now put in order, the ship was scoured, and the prospect of ultimate liberation from their terrible position now beamed pleasantly upon countenances which had long been darkened, but which had never yet sunk into despair.

Up to the 20th June, the ship still drifted with her icy cradle, which they in vain endeavored to release from her; but this they were unable to effect up to the 11th July, when the ship at length broke from her icy bonds, and was gently launched into her own element. For three or four days after this, the ship remained on her beam-ends, so that no one could move about the deck without holding on by the ropes to windward. However, on the 14th, she righted, an event which they had long most anxiously and devoutly wished for, and which the crew cheered in a manner which could only be done by British sailors. The ship had been cradled in the ice for four months, utterly helpless, and at the mercy of the thousand perils which momentarily beset her; she had been previously wedged immovably in floes of ice, setting all the exertions of the crew and officers at defiance. In this respect the voyage of Captain Back differed from that of any of his predecessors; instead of being laid up, as is usual, they had passed the winter in the midst of tumultuous dangers, and, without rest or cessation, had for ten months been tossed amongst waves of threatening ice, always in restless motion, and ever and anon menacing their utter helplessness with destruction. It is impossible sufficiently to admire the conduct of both men and officers on this occasion of severe trial; they never abandoned hope, nor sunk into despondency. They had now a prospect of returning homeward before them, and nothing prevented them from making the best use of the occasion excepting the crazy, broken, and leaky condition of the ship.

The voyage of Sir George Back was succeeded by the adventurous undertaking of Messrs. Dease and Simpson, two officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. These travellers succeeded in surveying the remainder of the western part of the coast which had been left unaccomplished by Sir John Franklin, and from Point Turnagain to the eastward as far as the Gulf of Akkollee.

Thus terminated a series of Arctic expeditions,

which may be considered to comprise all that properly belongs to modern Arctic exploration. The voyage of Sir John Ross was the ninth voyage since 1818, when he first navigated Baffin's Bay. In all these voyages the scientific societies and the English board of longitude respectively took a lively interest, and sought to make them available, not only for the purpose to which they were professedly designed, but for the further purpose of determining many data of general science, especially with the view of ascertaining the correct figure of the earth. A great and general interest pervaded all classes, and nothing, we believe, was wanting, either on the part of the nation or of the gallant men entrusted with its wishes, to make these several voyages abundantly useful. But notwithstanding the extreme liberality and costly profusion on the part of the country, and the great skill, energetic labors, and indomitable perseverance of the several officers employed upon these expeditions, we cannot consider their fruits, however valuable in some respects, as at all commensurate with the skill and labor they engaged, and the treasure which they exhausted. And it may well be hoped that this thirsty curiosity, which has expended itself in vain pursuits after a north-west passage for so many years, will finally be abated, or at least be so directed as to secure more important results to science, than have hitherto been attained by the successive voyages which it has been our task to narrate.

ACOUSTICS FOR THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE difficulties which the new houses of Parliament present to those who wish to be heard and to hear, may induce many of our legislators who have not hitherto ventured into the paths of science, to consider why the same voice should be in one place distinctly audible and in another unheard. It will not do to abandon the new houses altogether, and to keep them for show alone; but, as they seem to be at present nearly useless, something must be done to remedy the defects. We presume, therefore, that the members of both houses will enter earnestly into the subject; and as many of them are no doubt ignorant of acoustics, we will endeavor to explain the first principles, so as to make them "easy to all capacities."

Sound, as well as light, radiates in all directions equally and in straight lines from the point of emission. Like light, also, it is subject to the same laws of reflection; but as the movement of sound is slow compared with that of light, the effects of their reflection are different. The reflection of light is instantaneous, and adds to the power of the luminary, however distant the surface of reflection may be; but when sound is reflected from a distant surface, the time occupied in the transmission becomes perceptible, and instead of increasing the loudness of the first sound, it produces a second. For instance, a candle placed in a small room surrounded by mirrors makes a brilliant illumination; extend the space, and the reflection from the mirrors still continues to add to the one effect, though diminished in power. A voice in a small room, sounds also stronger from the reflection, which is

then not too distant to impair the oneness of the effect; but when the space is expanded, not only is the voice less powerful, but it becomes indistinct, because the reflections from the distant walls reach the ear at different intervals, and produce a series of echoes. To overcome this, it has been found requisite in large rooms to diminish the reflective power of the surface by loose draperies and numerous projections; the voice being best heard when reverberation is prevented. But the voice, unaided by reflection, has not power to extend far, and in lofty buildings it is lost in the vaulted or elaborately carved roofs; or, what is worse, it is returned in indistinct mutterings, which obstruct and confuse the direct passage of sound. To obviate this drawback in cathedrals and churches, it has been customary to place a sounding-board over the pulpits; by which contrivance the voice is reflected downwards almost instantly, so that the direct and the reflected sounds seem to be isochronous. A properly-constructed sounding-board thus gives to a speaker the same additional power of disseminating the sound of his voice which a reflector has of concentrating the rays of light. The same effect is produced still more powerfully by a speaking-trumpet.

Having advanced thus far in our acoustics, we next have to consider how the principles are to be applied to the houses of Parliament. Shall we, in imitation of the French, introduce a tribune from which each member must speak? This, indeed, would overcome the difficulty; but it would scarcely suit the custom of our parliamentary orators, who speak most at ease from their places. Shall each member be supplied with a speaking-trumpet? This would scarcely accord with gracefulness of action, nor with animation in debate, whilst it would leave those behind still out of the field of hearing. Shall each seat be supplied with an acoustic apparatus, to concentrate the feeble sounds into honorable members' ears? Much might be said in support of this plan; but it would impose the necessity of a nearly fixed position, conducive to sleep. We have yet another plan to propose, that might enable our parliamentary orators to be heard in their new halls without disturbance of their ordinary habits. Sound-reflectors of plate-glass, about four yards wide, extending over the seats whence members usually speak on each side of the house, might be arranged so as not to impair the beauty of the building; and such a "sounding board" would, we conceive, effectively reflect the voice without occasioning any indistinctness. The height of these transparent awnings should be only a few feet above the heads of the speakers.

At present, it appears that no one can be heard from behind, and that honorable members on each side of the House of Commons hear the arguments of their opponents but not those of their friends. If such a state of things continues, we may expect a more complete change in political opinions than any we have hitherto witnessed, and without any change of men we may have a complete change of measures. This possible effect, however, we will not now contemplate. So untoward a conversion may be prevented by the adoption of some plan to rescue the voices of our senators from chaos; and, having such a catastrophe before them as the possible consequence of delay, we trust they will work out zealously and effectively the problem in acoustics, for the practical solution of which we have offered these suggestions.—*Spectator*.

From the New York Evening Post.

LETTERS FROM JAMAICA.—NO. X.

Kingston, February —, 1850.

IN my last communications I have enumerated what I looked upon as the most prominent causes of the present prostrate condition of this charming island. It will be most convenient, at least for some of my readers, to have these briefly recapitulated before I attempt to indicate what seem to be the future prospects of Jamaica.

First—The degradation of labor, in consequence of the yet comparatively recent existence of negro slavery upon the island, which excludes the white population from almost every department of productive industry, and begets a public opinion calculated to discourage, rather than to promote, industry among the colored population.

Second—Nine tenths of the improved land is owned by absentees—which implies unskilful tillage; an extra expense on an average of three thousand dollars a year for attorneys, agents and overseers; great improvidence in the management of the property, and few or no labor-saving improvements.

Third—The estates under culture were all mortgaged, for more than they were worth, when the emancipation bill passed. That measure increased the embarrassments of the residents, made them the easy prey of their non-resident creditors, and left them without means or capital to conduct the cultivation of the land to any advantage.

Fourth—The magnitude of the estates, and the principles upon which they have been cultivated, prevent the free circulation of real property, tend to accumulate the land in the hands of a few, to exterminate the middle classes or men of little or no capital, and to beget a constant and unnatural antagonism between capital and labor.

These causes, in my judgment, would have conducted Jamaica to inevitable ruin, had the tariff laws never been altered nor the slaves been set at liberty.

But I think I hear you ask, how long is this state of things to continue, or is it to be perpetual? To this I will answer in brief: that it will continue until the land gets into the hands of people who are not ashamed to till it. So long as it is held by English landlords, I think it will continue to depreciate in value. I say this with all possible respect for them, many of whom I know, and greatly esteem. It will continue to depreciate in their hands, I say, because they will not cultivate it personally, nor can they command the capital, fidelity, and skill, necessary to cultivate it with profit by agents. It will continue to depreciate until the landholders will consent to sell small fragments of their estates to the poorer classes who are willing to work the land with their own hands.

That process is now going on constantly. The colored people are rapidly becoming proprietors. It is the highest aspiration of most of them to get a piece of land, say from three to five acres, which entitles them to a vote; and with two or three months' labor, during the cropping of the sugar, enables them to live in comparative ease and independence. On five acres they can raise almost everything they require. I have seen growing on a patch of less than two acres, owned by a negro, the bread-fruit, bananas, yams, oranges, shadducks, cucumbers, beans, sugar, pine-apples, plantain and charamoya, besides many kinds of shrubbery and fruits of secondary value.

Of course the crowding such a variety of fruit and vegetables like these into so small a space rapidly exhausts the soil; but that gives the negroes little concern, for land here is so plenty and cheap that they can readily exchange their worn patch for another location, without any material sacrifice.*

Upon these tracts they raise not only what they require for their own consumption, but a surplus which they take to market, usually in small panniers upon donkeys, or upon their heads. Almost every colored proprietor, however, has a donkey, which costs from seven to ten pounds, upon which he packs all his produce, and, under the custody of a woman often, sometimes of a child, he sends it to town, to be converted into money, with which he purchases such articles of necessity or luxury as his land does not produce and he can afford. One of the most interesting spectacles to be witnessed about Kingston, is presented on the high road through which the market people, with their donkeys, in the cool of the morning, pour into the city from the back country. They form an almost uninterrupted procession of four or five miles in length, and what strikes the eye of a Yankee at once is their perfect freedom from care. Neither poverty nor desire of gain has written a line upon their faces, and they could not show less concern at the result of their trip if they were going to a festival. You will readily perceive how strong and universal must be the desire of the poor laborers to exchange their servile drudgery, at less than a shilling sterling a day, for this life of comparative ease and independence. Of course, it is very hard to get anything ahead upon the wages now paid in Jamaica, and it requires no little self-denial and energy to lay up enough to purchase one of these properties with; but when they do get one they never part with it except for a larger or a better one. The planters call them lazy for indulging in this feeling of independence; but I never could see anything in the aversion of the negroes here to labor which was not sanctioned by the example of their masters.

I think the readers of the Evening Post will be surprised when I tell them that the number of these small proprietors is now considerably over 100,000, and is rapidly increasing. Their properties average, I should think, about three acres. They have a direct interest in cultivating their land economically and intelligently. The practice of planning their own labor, encouraged by the privilege of reaping its rewards themselves, exerts the most important educational influences, which will soon be much more apparent than they now are. When one reflects that only sixteen years ago there was scarcely a colored proprietor of land upon the

* We have just received a letter from an old correspondent of Jamaica, bearing date the 30th ult., which contains the following postscript:—

"Within the last few minutes I have heard of the sale of a sugar estate of 2000 acres, for £600."

In the same letter he writes:—

"Our island is destroyed—that is, the fortunes of the old inhabitants. But Yankees will thrive here. Our soil and climate might almost be deemed worthy of Paradise, and were it tilled by intelligence and industry, the fruits and flowers of Providence would grow. But how are these to be expected from a neglected negro race? I say emphatically neglected; for it is to neglect of education and higher interests of the emancipated, that a great portion of the calamities is to be traced."

The writer of this letter is a prominent lawyer in Jamaica, who has resided upon the island for nearly a quarter of a century.—Eds. Ev. Post.

island, and that now there are a hundred thousand, it is unnecessary to say that this class of the population appreciate the privileges of free labor and a homestead far more correctly than might be expected, more especially when it is borne in mind that seven tenths of these proprietors were begotten in slavery, and spent many years of their lives as bondsmen.

It is very obvious to me that the best estates of the island are to undergo this process of division before its real productive capacities can be known. Their prices must fall to a level with the means of those who alone can cultivate them—the laboring population—which, being all colored, imports that the land is to pass from the whites to the colored people before the island can prosper. This I think inevitable if it remains a British possession.

It is objected here, that if the estates are so minutely subdivided, the cultivation of the great staples, sugar and coffee, and the manufacture of rum, must cease, because the works on sugar and coffee estates are very expensive and require large capital, and the estates must be very large to compensate for the outlay in that direction. For example, a good range of sugar works could not be erected for less than \$50,000. The proprietor of twenty-five or fifty acres could not afford to keep such costly buildings for the manufacture of his limited stock, much less could the smaller proprietor of three, five, or ten acres.

The answer to this objection seems perfectly obvious, and yet no one here seems to understand it. They have only to observe one of the most familiar principles of economical science, and the whole difficulty is obviated. Let them do what is done universally in the northern states of our republic—separate the functions of the agriculturist from those of the manufacturer, and then both departments of industry will be better conducted upon at least one tenth the capital now required. There is no conceivable reason why central sugar mills, for example, should not be established, where the planters could take their cane to be ground for a toll, or to sell for a return of a given quantity of sugar, or molasses, or rum, or money, or whatever might be agreed upon. The period for cropping sugar sometimes lasts four months and upwards. The cane can be converted into sugar in less than twelve hours. It is perfectly practicable, therefore, to separate these departments of industry to the profit of both.

Under the system which now prevails here, a planter is usually from three to five months "about," as they term it, that is cutting his cane and making his sugar. He starts his mill in the morning about eight o'clock, and usually stops by five in the afternoon, lets his fires go out and his men go home. Thus the use of more than half his capital is wasted for the period he may have occasion to use his works, and for the balance of the year he loses it altogether. If, on the other hand, the proprietor of a sugar mill were to proclaim a table of rates at which he would make sugar, and also the prices at which he would buy cane, and if he would provide himself with a double set of operatives, who would run his works night and day, never permitting them to stop, except on the Sabbath, from the commencement of the sugar harvest to its close, he would save the interest upon the capital invested in them for all the additional time they were in motion, which would be more than half.

He might, also, during the balance of the year,

use his engine and buildings in sawing lumber, or in some kind of manufacturing to which they might be adapted, and escape the absurd expense of importing shingles and staves from Maine, lumber from Georgia, refined sugar from Louisiana, and flour and cheese from New York, and all his textile fabrics from Great Britain. By this process, too, the small proprietor might save all his interest upon works and machinery, which constitute such a burden at present to the sugar-makers, and by virtue of all the reasons upon which is based the great and familiar principle, that cheap prices follow the division of labor, he would get his canes ground upon better terms than even the large proprietors can do it for themselves, under the present system.

That this division of functions is destined to take place sooner or later, I have not a particle of doubt. It must speedily follow the partition of land which is rapidly going on. Real estate will inevitably descend in price until capital is forced into this channel. In this way only, in my judgment, can the sugar culture of Jamaica be revived successfully, with free labor, and without protection.

But the culture of sugar is by no means indispensable to the prosperity of this island.

NO. XI.

Kingston, February —, 1850.

I KNOW of no place in the world where there are so many opportunities afforded for the advantageous employment of labor and capital. As I have before stated, there is not a saw-mill in Jamaica, and yet there is an extensive market here for sawed lumber of every description, and a finer variety of timber in its forests than can be found anywhere else within an area of equal dimensions. Table provisions, that require cultivation, are higher here than they are in New York, and yet they could be produced here for less than half their cost in the New York market. The rarest fruits grow wild, and rot under the trees that produce them, and yet they might be delivered in a sound and healthy condition along the whole seaboard of the United States, within six days from the time they were plucked, without a particle of difficulty. There is no good reason why the New York fruit market, in the severest months of winter, should not abound with every tropical fruit in absolute perfection, instead of being limited, as it now is, during the winter season, to flavorless fruits plucked green to prevent decay.

Then there is an infinite variety of preserves, of oils and essences, that might be manufactured to an indefinite extent from the productions of the country. The fields are overrun with a species of wild pine-apple, from which a finer linen may be manufactured than ever came from an Irish loom, while the most valuable drugs and dyewoods literally infest the island.

To illustrate this supineness a little more in detail: there is the cocoa-nut, one of the most profitable fruits that the earth produces, is turned to no account whatever by the Jamaicans, though it grows as luxuriantly here as in any quarter of the globe. I was told by a gentleman who had a large number of these trees growing, that he would esteem it the best property on his estate, if he could get one dollar a hundred for the nuts, but that there was but a very limited market for them at any price. And yet there is no part of this fruit that is not valuable. It thrives in a sandy soil,

and bears in Jamaica within three or four years after it is planted. From its flowers the finest arrack in the world may be distilled, and the best of vinegar. A coarse brown sugar may also be prepared from the flower. The green fruit yields a nutritious and delightful drink, and a more substantial food in the pulp which contains the liquid. When ripe, the fruit is popular as an article of diet in all parts of the world. From that fruit a pure oil may be extracted, which may be manufactured into candles, soap, and used in a variety of other ways, in which vegetable oils are available, while the refuse, or oil cake, as it is called, is a most excellent food for cattle.

A medicinal oil is extracted from the bark, which is used, I understand, in Ceylon as an efficacious remedy in cutaneous diseases; the root is also used for medicinal purposes; its elastic fibres are sometimes woven into strainers for liquids, while the timber may be used in building, or converted into beautiful articles of furniture. The husk consists of a tough fibre, from which cordage and rigging of the best quality may be manufactured, and which furnishes the finest stuffing for mattresses that is used, not excepting hair. I saw some of this fibre manufactured at the Penitentiary in Kingston, for mattress stuffing. I satisfied myself that if its value was known in America it would bring a higher price than any commodity now in use for bedding. The specimens that I saw were manufactured by the convicts, at a cost, I was told, of six cents a pound. Hair costs with us, I believe, about twenty-five cents. The process of manufacturing it is very simple—the husk shells are soaked till perfectly soft, and then are pounded out until the fibres are all separated. This was done in the prison by hand labor, and without the use of machinery, and yet the article could be produced by them for six cents a pound. By the aid of a very simple machine, something, for instance, like that to which rags in a paper mill are first subjected, it is very apparent that the cost of manufacturing it might be reduced at least one half. When I asked why machinery was not employed in this department of the prison, I was told that they had not work enough to occupy the convicts if machinery was employed. Of course I had nothing to say to a reason so conclusive as that.

The supply of these husks would be almost inexhaustible. They have no more use or value than walnut shells have with us, and may be had by the ship-load for the mere expense of cartage. A cargo of a thousand tons could be manufactured for a thousand dollars, and be worth in the port of New York not less than \$4,000, as soon as the usefulness of the article became generally known.

But there are other than the material causes I have mentioned at work here, transferring the property and control of the land to the colored population. The political power of the island is rapidly passing into their hands. The possession of four or five acres of land confers a right to vote on the selection of members of Assembly. The colored population are ambitious to possess and exercise the privilege; it causes them to be courted and respected. They are daily becoming better acquainted with the advantages which the elective franchise confers, and the prospect of attaining it is one of the strongest incentives to possess themselves of freeholds. The recent election of several of their order to the Assembly, has greatly inflamed this ambition. It is only a short time since there were no colored people returned to that body. In

the last Assembly there were a dozen. No negro ever had a seat there till the session before the last, when one was returned. In the last session there were three. It is safe to say that in a very few years the blacks and browns will be a clear majority. They already hold the balance of power in the Assembly.

I mentioned in a former letter that the colored members belonged to the government, or King's House party; while the country party, as the opposition party are called, is composed almost exclusively of the white population. The reason of this classification is very obvious, and illustrates the nature of the power possessed by the former. The country party is composed of the large planters, who pay the most of the taxes and who need legislative protection. The colored classes in general do not feel the taxes, and have nothing to be protected. The present policy of Downing street, it is well known, is adverse to protection. The planting interest wishes the expenses of the island, and the official salaries, reduced; the appointees of Downing street wish no such thing. The colored people generally care nothing about the expenses of government, for they do not have to foot the bills, while they are not averse to high salaries, because the home government sagaciously dispenses a liberal share of them among this part of the population. Probably four fifths of all the public offices on the island are filled by colored people.

It is unnecessary to say that this state of things is begetting a serious antagonism between the government and the country parties, and has already gone far to alienate the latter from their allegiance. It discourages and disgusts them. All these influences tend to depreciate the value of every kind of property, but especially of real estate, and to promote emigration of capitalists and capital from the island. Multitudes of the oldest and most respected white citizens contemplate leaving, and like the founders of ancient Rome, are casting about for new seats. I scarcely saw a man who had not, more or less deliberately, considered the expediency of abandoning the island. Habitual inertness, domestic ties, straightened resources, ignorance of any means of procuring a support elsewhere, and other causes, discourage most of them from entertaining the purpose long; but, in spite of these difficulties, there has been a constant current of emigration of white persons, especially the junior members of families, from the island, for the last two or three years, and the proportion is increasing monthly.

Of course the migration of the whites, with their capital, strengthens the influences already operating to depress the price of property, increases facilities for the colored people to appropriate it, and is hastening the result which I have reason to believe the home government anticipate and are prepared for—the gradual occupation of the whole island by the blacks. They see and know that the two races cannot prosper together, if both are free; that the superior intelligence and advantages of the whites will prevent the blacks from acquiring that independence and self-reliance, which are the sinews of enterprise and the basis of national prosperity.

But the question arises, What shall follow the induction of a colored governor into the king's house, a colored chief justice upon the queen's bench, a uniform assembly of colored representatives, with no white people about, to make them ashamed or afraid? Will Jamaica then recover?

Obviously not while misgoverned as at present by Great Britain. Any colonial system of government without representation is essentially vicious; the colonial system of Great Britain is probably worse than any other, for she has not a colony in the world which she has not exhausted, or is not rapidly exhausting.

When the colored people become the proprietors of the property, and have to pay high salaries and oppressive taxes, their relations to the government will be rapidly changed, and they will be thrown into the position now occupied by the country party. They will clamor for low salaries and high duties. They will get neither. What lies beyond it is scarcely worth while to speculate upon, for before that day Great Britain will inevitably be compelled to modify her colonial policy so radically, at least with respect to her West Indian possessions, as to introduce elements into the question which cannot now be conjectured. Nothing is more probable, in respect to the political fate of this island twenty years hence, than that it will be one of the United States of America. It is from my purpose, however, now to consider what would be the consequence of such a connexion.

Meantime, a new generation will have taken the place of the present race of freedmen, whose training and experience will qualify them to take no insignificant part in shaping the destiny of Jamaica, and of the colored population of the West India islands.

[This article, from the Examiner, refers to the Letters from Jamaica which are concluded above.]

PROSPECTS OF JAMAICA.

In our colonial intelligence will be found some excellent observations by an American gentleman on Jamaican agriculture, addressed in a letter to a New York journal, and written from Kingston. Here is an island, considered by an intelligent and accomplished American, as more fertile than any portion of the American States of the same extent; with a population of between 400,000 and half a million, a hundred inhabitants to a square mile, or a far larger proportional population than any state of the American Union; and yet, of which the proprietors can make nothing—for want, as they allege, of cheap labor—the labor being, all the while, lower than in any European country, and in reality approaching the Asiatic standard. The acute and travelled American sees at a glance, what the proprietors themselves cannot see, that their real want of success is not owing to the dearth of wages or the loss of protection, but to their indolence, want of enterprise, and unskilfulness. He sees the slaveholding states of America, without any protection, growing cotton, tobacco, and rice, and furnishing foreign nations with these commodities to the yearly value of at least 12,000,000*l*. He sees the northern states of the Union growing, with equal success, wheat, maize, barley, oats, pulses, and cattle, and exporting all of them by free labor without protection, with wages four times as high as those of Jamaica. With these broad facts before him, he sees clearly where the fault lies; and he sees also how the men of Jamaica are deluding themselves with the expectation of a legislative protection, as hopeless as the arrival of the millennium.

The truth is that the Jamaica proprietors have been spoil children from time almost inmemorial, and

that they have yet to learn the art of walking like grown men without leading-strings. They had been receiving a bounty of several millions a year, out of the pockets of the people of this country for the production of certain commodities, and they called the result a flourishing trade, comparing it with the present exports without protection; whereas it was in reality no legitimate trade at all, but a mere factitious incident. The great bounty given to sugar and coffee, and the impossibility of extending it to other commodities for which the soil and climate were equally fit, in time produced the total annihilation of the culture of the latter, just as the corn monopoly in England has nearly proscribed, with us, the culture of hemp, flax, and madder. The culture of cotton was transferred to America; that of indigo to India. The culture of tobacco, maize, and rice, productions which are well suited to one part of the island of Jamaica or another, never existed, although branches of rural industry successfully prosecuted in foreign islands or on the continent. Even the petted commodities themselves, feeling, as might be expected, the paralyzing influence of monopoly, are cultivated in a careless and slovenly manner, unknown to any Anglo-Saxon population in any other part of the world. The cultivators of fertile and populous Jamaica must really turn over a new leaf. Let them cultivate sugar, coffee, rice, maize, pulses, and tobacco, in their proper and suitable localities, for they have such for all these commodities, and there is no earthly reason for believing that their agriculture may not be as prosperous as the unprotected agriculture of the United States of America.

It is in vain for the men of Jamaica to say that they can grow to profit one or two crops only, for that would amount to a substantial admission that they are determined to persevere in a bad husbandry—one which excludes rotation of crops, and adaptation of crops to soils. It is in vain, for example, for them to say that they cannot grow cotton, for they grew it before of excellent quality; they have abundance of land well fitted for it, and they have before them the states of the American Union, with a far less congenial climate, growing it yearly to the value of fifteen millions sterling. They must really bestir themselves, and not let the "old country" be brought into a most discreditable comparison with "the new."

Letters of a Traveller; or Notes of Things seen in Europe and America. By William Cullen Bryant.

A collected series of letters written from various places during the last fifteen or sixteen years, the greater part of which has already appeared in American periodicals. They contain a plain, unaffected, and sensible account of the places the author visited, and the impressions produced upon his mind; but are too desultory in subject, and too devoid of plan, if not of painstaking, to be worth collecting for a foreign public, especially after the event. The letters resemble those which a well-informed and able man would write to a private friend, rather than a continuous account of foreign countries, or sketches of remarkable places at home, intended for the public. For example, two visits to London are dismissed in three or four letters, and, if we exclude exhibitions, in one letter; a letter and a half suffices for two visits to Paris, and about half a letter for Venice.—*Spectator*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE SPANISH BEAUTY.

It was the time of the equinoctial gales, and the weather had been very tempestuous the whole day. The rain fell in torrents, borne about in drifting storms by the angry winds. Stillness reigned in the deserted streets in the neighborhood of the Luxembourg, broken only here and there by the feeble and melancholy note of an organ under the shadow of one of the porticos. The clock had just struck eight as I entered the drawing-room of my sister, the Marquise de Pons. She might be almost said to belong to the past century—her air, manner, and appearance carried back one's imagination to that period. The spring of her life had been passed at the court of Marie Antoinette. Many years of sorrow and trial followed these days of prosperity; but forty years more found her once more prosperous and happy with the remains of her fortune, and surrounded by the few friends who had weathered the storm like herself.

Her first appearance was very striking, and she became amiable and charming on more intimate acquaintance. In spite of the tell-tale wrinkles of advanced age, her countenance bore traces of great beauty, and her fine figure, full of grace and dignity, was far from betraying her sixty years. In general society her manners and demeanor had a certain degree of stiffness and reserve; but the compliments of a first introduction over, she would become gay, lively, frank, and, with due respect be it spoken, as frivolous as a young girl of fifteen years.

Madame de Pons had a son, who had been one of the victims of the stormy days of the revolution; and all her affections were now centred upon his only child. Valeria de Pons indeed deserved our love, for she was a little angel upon earth.

We were alone this evening; my sister was working at her tapestry frame, whilst Valeria was seated at a low stool at her feet unwinding a skein of silk. She had a large bouquet of autumn flowers in her lap, and their delightful fragrance was brought out by the warm atmosphere of the saloon. A young man was seated at the table, drawing in an album, and his glances wandered from the group before him to his sketch with all the pride of an artist. In another month Theobaldo de Montmaur was to become the husband of our beloved Valeria.

I had just returned from a walk with Count Anatolio de Saint Jervien, whose relationship to Theobaldo gave him an *entrée* into our family circle. He was a good sort of a young man, though rather silly and frivolous, whom you cannot but like pretty well, but whose society and companionship at the same time you care but little about. The contemplation of the pretty family group before me filled my mind with pleasant presentiments for the future. Theobaldo was exactly the sort of person I should have chosen as a husband for Valeria; a gentleman of a small fortune, a moderate ambition, a high and generous character, and a faultless life. Valeria, too, appeared fully to appreciate her good fortune, and her timid glance was often raised to Theobaldo with an indescribable look of trust and tenderness.

"Come here, dear uncle," said she, pointing to an arm-chair near her, "Theobaldo must certainly introduce you into this family picture."

"What vain-glory!" I exclaimed. "I suppose you wish that my old face should set off yours of seventeen summers. In this little picture it appears to me that the marquise's sixty years are enough."

"I did not think of the contrast," said Valeria; "not being handsome, that vanity was, of course, unknown to me."

And yet she was very attractive; as she was thus speaking, there was so soft and serene an expression in her blue eyes, so much grace in her smile and manner. Theobaldo's sketch was extremely well done, and very pleasing; but you could see that the artist had tried to embellish and improve upon the original, without being able to accomplish it.

"Valeria," said he, with a little impatience, "will you incline your head a little more forward?"

She bent a little forward, and her beautiful light brown hair fell in long tresses over her face.

"That will do very well," said Theobaldo.

Alas! thought I, he must see too clearly that this young girl is not beautiful.

At this moment the rain beat more violently against the windows, and a peal of thunder was heard.

"What dreadful weather!" said Count Anatolio, who appeared to have been doing nothing the last half hour but listen to the rain.

"I am the more annoyed," said my sister, "as I expected a visit from the Signora di las Bermejas."

"Madame di las Bermejas," repeated the count, rising. "Indeed! the Spanish lady, whose husband was murdered in Navarre, and who was made prisoner herself, and escaped so miraculously?"

"The same, Sir Count."

"That woman is a heroine. If it had not been for this tiresome rain she would have been here this very evening."

"Is it not very vexatious, Theobaldo?"

"Why, if you wish me to speak the truth," said Theobaldo, as he glanced toward Valeria, "I must say that I think our party is much more agreeable as it is; it would have sadly broken in upon the quiet of our evening; and besides," said he, with a tranquil smile, "I do not admire heroines—I have much more sympathy with a timid and graceful woman than with those Amazons who mount a horse like a dragoon, and would fire a pistol without a shudder—a heroine! a monstrosity of nature."

"Yes, yes, my friend, this is all very well," said the count, "but I may be allowed to admire these Amazons. I can imagine to myself exactly what the Signora di las Bermejas is like—tall, dark, with a noble demeanor, and proud deportment—even ugly, perhaps; but of that sort of ugliness which still admits of a handsome cast of features. Have I not guessed very truly—is this not a picture of the Signora di las Bermejas?"

He had hardly ceased speaking when a carriage stopped at the door; there was a moment's pause, and the signora was announced. She advanced, gracefully raised her black veil, made a general bow to all, and seated herself by the Marquise de Pons. I know not how to express the impression of admiration and surprise which the first appearance of the Signora di las Bermejas produced upon me; and, to be able to judge of the effect, it would have been necessary to have seen her in all the marvellous beauty which she at that time possessed. Imagine to yourself one of those faces, the creation of a painter's imagination in one of his most inspired dreams of beauty, and which he can hardly reproduce upon canvass, beautiful as his imagination had at first pictured it. She had a tall, majestic figure, and her graceful neck was half concealed by a profusion of black lace. She had very small white hands, and the glancing, diminutive feet peculiar to the women of her nation. Her graceful figure was enveloped in a garb of deep mourning.

so trying even to many beautiful women, but which only, like the dark frame of a lovely picture, was calculated to set off to even greater advantage her deep black eyes and glowing complexion. Theobaldo looked at the heroine with surprise; but I could plainly perceive that his prejudices were not in the least overcome. His attention soon returned to his drawing. The signora looked at him in her turn, and then at Anatolio. There was certainly no comparison to be made between these two men. Theobaldo had one of those countenances which take the imagination by surprise; if it once looked upon you, you would turn to gaze and gaze again. His look was full of mind and intellect, and his smile not to be described. Count Anatolio was fresh-looking and inanimate, with much affectation of manner. He did his utmost to engage the signora's attention, but she paid no attention either to him or to Theobaldo, but continued her conversation with the marquise. Anatolio was right when he told us that the signora had a story to relate—a story of which she was the heroine, and which had been published in the newspapers, and had occupied the Parisians for a whole day. He so managed matters, with the assistance of the marquise, as to give the conversation such a turn that the Signora di las Bermejas found herself obliged to speak of it.

"Yes," replied the signora to Anatolio's question, "the story is too true: my husband was sentenced to be shot, and my life was saved by a miracle." She paused for a moment, overcome by these terrible recollections, and glanced towards Theobaldo, whose attention appeared as greatly absorbed as ever by his sketch.

"My poor husband," continued she, "was thus barbarously murdered beneath the walls of Vittoria; and I found myself alone in a country the whole population of which was in arms, and between the two contending parties. I thought of taking refuge in the mountains, and of hiding myself in some small peasant hut; and yet what security could I have had in remaining there! What miracle could have saved me from the marauding bands who ravaged the most secluded spots, and to whom the civil war afforded the most perfect impunity! I resolved, therefore, to take refuge in France; one servant only accompanied me, and I took no passport with me, for fear my project should become known. We departed from Vittoria in my own carriage, as if we were merely going on an excursion into the country. I took a few clothes, and concealed some money and jewels in the cushions of the carriage. What a journey was before us! We traversed a country wasted and destroyed by a sanguinary war. The roads were almost impassable, the fields uncultivated, the population of the villages scattered about the country, disheartened and oppressed; they would fly at the very appearance of a uniform, as they would the plague; and they had a horror of both parties, as they had in turn been oppressed by Christinos and Carlists.

"We travelled the whole night by fearful paths, surrounded by ambushes and precipices, and at the point of day found ourselves at the entrance of a narrow valley, traversed by the foaming waters of a small mountain torrent. The road was overshadowed with the spreading branches of majestic oaks. Above were the pointed rocks, at the summit of which eagles and crows could alone have found a resting-place. Oh! never, never will the recollection of that fearful spot be effaced from my memory. To this day, every tree, every stone, is vividly

present to my mind; and then the wooden cross by the side of the road, which memorialized the murder of an unfortunate traveller—never can I forget the painful impression it produced upon me, nor can I cease to tremble at the mere recollection now. We appeared to be travelling alone in a desert at the very extremity of the world; when, all at once, the deep stillness around us was broken by a voice behind the trees—"Halt!"—

"Perero put the mule into a quick gallop, but at the same moment pistols were fired from both sides of the road. Perero fell—the mule stopped suddenly—and I, as if by a natural instinct, descended from the carriage."

"And then," said Count Anatolio, who hardly breathed from the interest the tale excited, "then you fired courageously upon your persecutors?"

"Alas! no," replied the signora, with adorable simplicity. "I was in the most extreme terror, and I began to weep. Soldiers surrounded the carriage, and the officer who commanded them came up to question me. I had seated myself by the side of the road, and had turned away my head that I might not see the bloody corpse of poor Perero, which lay but a few paces from me. In reply to his questions, I said I was a Frenchwoman, and that I was now on my return to my own country. In the mean while, they were ransacking my luggage, and all screaming and vociferating around me. O, I was so frightened, and almost felt myself dying!"

The signora paused, and passed her hand across her forehead with a gesture of terror. Theobaldo had let fall his pencil.

"Approach, Donna Ines de las Bermejas," said an officer, who wore the uniform of a colonel of the *état major*.

"I trembled upon hearing my name.

"Donna Ines di las Bermejas, you are convicted of being one of the enemy's spies; recommend your soul to Heaven, as you have seen your last hour on earth. The military council has condemned you to death!"

"A profound terror, an indescribable agony, took possession of my soul; to die—at the early age of twenty years; no, it could not be. I threw myself on my knees—I protested my innocence—I implored—I petitioned for my life. It might indeed have been weak—a poorness of spirit, which, in a man, would have been in the last degree dishonorable. But a poor defenceless woman, she may, at least without shame, implore her life at the hand of her assassin; and then I wished—I so earnestly desired that life, which was to be so cruelly torn from me. The extremest misery, solitude, destitution, I would have accepted all in exchange; but these men had no pity upon me. They drew back; the monk alone remained to confess me. I tried to speak, but my voice became extinct. I remained without motion, kneeling in the dust, and my eyes steadily fixed upon the group of soldiers, who stood with their guns pointed immediately before me at some little distance. Neither my eyes nor my thoughts could be for a single moment withdrawn from these instruments of death.

"The monk spoke to me, but I heard him not, till at last he said:—

"My daughter, will you not confess your sins? All is at an end for you; the soldiers are here."

"Then truly I turned towards him. He was an old man, and the tears stood in his eyes.

"My father!" I exclaimed, holding him tightly

by his arm, 'I am innocent; save, O, save me! I will not leave you; they will not dare assassinate me so near you. Take pity upon a poor woman; see how young I am; how full of life: would you see me give up this precious gift? I have still so many days before me. Will they not have to give an account of them to God?'

"The monk tried to detach himself from my grasp, but I continued to cling to his knees. Then I heard behind me the loading of the guns. This dreadful noise seemed to stupefy my distracted brain; my hands relaxed their hold of the vestments of the monk; I fainted away. When I came to my senses I found myself at the side of the road, supported by the pillows of the carriage which had been thrown out—the monk was seated near me—we were alone—I remembered it all in a moment on opening my eyes. The monk made me drink a little wine, which restored me entirely.

"My daughter," he said, with much satisfaction, 'you have been more frightened than hurt; take courage, and thank God for having preserved your life.'

"I wished to render thanks to Heaven for my deliverance—to pray—but I could not join my hands together, weeping.

"Well, well," said he, 'do not frighten yourself; you have not been touched; the bullets passed over your head as you were on your knees.'

"The carriage was in the middle of the road, but the mule had strayed away. I sought poor Perero's corpse; and the monk showed me a grave which had been newly excavated, at the foot of the wooden cross. Poor Perero; he too was young; he too must have enjoyed life. I took the gold and jewels which were concealed in the carriage, and would have divided them with this good monk, but he refused them. We then started on foot, and the next day I found myself in France."

The signora ceased speaking, and my sister and Valeria had taken her hand in theirs; they were both in tears. Even my old heart and imagination had been touched by the recital. Count Anatolio talked loudly; Theobaldo alone said nothing. The Signora di las Bermejas was admitted, by common consent, to become one of our most intimate friends. Few women possessed the gift of pleasing in the same proportion as herself. She had a certain indescribable grace and playfulness of manner, and a simplicity of tone which was even more attractive than her beauty. Her position was a singular one, too, though very natural—a widow without any family, and with a small fortune, and at the age of twenty, perfectly free. I thought, at first, she might have married Count Anatolio, but I understood, from a word or two she said, that she did not think him sufficiently wealthy. She treated him with a polite coldness of manner much more than Theobaldo, towards whom, from the very first day's acquaintance, she had shown a certain air of ingenuousness and freedom. It appeared as if she thought, in his character of an affianced lover, she could feel quite safe with him; he could be of no consequence to her; and that this must render him invulnerable to her attractions. I saw the case very differently, and from the very first day felt a disquiet, known only to myself, though at the same time I trusted to Theobaldo's calmness and reason, and I relied also on the very near approach of the period which had been fixed for the wedding. One of the signora's manœuvres was to suppose him very passionately attached to Valeria: she possessed too much penetration to see ardent and pas-

sionate love where there only existed a slight affection, and I could not pardon her this deceit, though I did not at that time understand its fell purpose. One evening we were all with the Marquise de Pons, when at eleven o'clock the signora arose to go. Generally a hired carriage awaited her. I rang the bell for her servant.

"What a lovely moon! what a calm, beautiful night!" said she, going to the window, of which she opened a casement. "How pleasant it would be to walk home in this clear, fresh evening air."

"You can take Count Theobaldo's arm," said the good Valeria; and as the signora thanked her, but with some appearance of hesitation in her manner, she added, in a low voice, "there can be nothing to say against it—a man about to be married."

"Come, then, Count Theobaldo," said the Spaniard, in an indifferent tone, while she drew the lace veil over her forehead—that graceful black veil, so becoming to her dark and glowing complexion. Theobaldo put on his gloves, but said nothing, as the tone of his voice would have betrayed his emotion. The signora placed her small hand upon his arm, at which he grew pale and trembled. The Spaniard smiled.

I returned in sorrow and consternation towards the fire. The Marquise Pons retired to her apartment, and Valeria came and seated herself on a stool at my feet. She appeared to be lost in profound thought, and I began to observe her with much attention, and some fear of her participating in my suspicions; when she took my hand and said to me with the serenity of an angel,—

"Is it not true, my uncle? are we not too happy?"

The following day the Marquise de Pons gave a little *fête*, at which Valeria was to assemble all her friends, and those she had known in her childhood—probably in the innocent pride of her heart, as also to show them all her betrothed; there was to be dancing, and for the first time in her life, she found herself the queen of the festival.

At nine o'clock the Signora di las Bermejas arrived. She had left off her mourning, and dressed herself in a costume of simple white muslin. Her long braided tresses were looped up with two bunches of Parma violets—no lace, no jewels! how beautiful she looked! Every eye was directed towards her, as a crowd of dancers surrounded her. Without appearing to care in the slightest degree for all this admiration and homage, she declined dancing, and seated herself in the smaller room near two old friends, who had just began a game of chess.

A moment after, Theobaldo appeared; his first glance sought the Signora di las Bermejas; Valeria's fair cheek glowed with pleasure. He had not been with her the preceding day.

They danced in the saloon. Anatolio was refused with much obstinacy by the signora, who appeared quite decided not to dance at all, so was at last obliged to devote himself to some handsome girls of his acquaintance. Theobaldo appeared to me gloomy, but tranquil and self-possessed. He danced first with Valeria, and then seated himself at the other extremity of the saloon. I established myself in the cabinet, and began a game of chess with the Signora M—. I had turned my back to the Signora di las Bermejas, but her face and figure were reflected in a large mirror which was immediately opposite to me. She remained reclining in the arm-chair, smiling coldly—scarcely

replying to those who came to pay their compliments to her, and had her eyes fixed upon our game of chess, which lasted till an hour after midnight. I began to think that I had been deceived, when Theobaldo approached her.

The signora turned her head, and smiled with a calm and indifferent air.

"Have you had a pleasant day?" said the signora, with a tone of interest.

He shook his head.

"No, no, signora, my thoughts are too painful for anything to have the power of distracting them."

"Ah! indeed, perhaps the dreamy melancholy often attendant upon happiness."

"Alas! no; would I could love with more devotion the one who merits so much."

"And that does not appear to me so impossible," said the signora; "she is so attractive, so innocent, and loving. O! Signor Theobaldo, to live in each other, to share the same thoughts, the same hopes and wishes; to love each other with every faculty of the soul, this only is the happiness of a wedded life, and this must indeed be the happiness of the angels in heaven."

In speaking thus, she fixed upon him her dark and melancholy eyes, now veiled in tears. I saw him tremble; his lips became white, and he hardly appeared to breathe. At length a singular remembrance appeared to restore him to himself.

"And you loved the Signor di las Bermejas?" said he coldly.

She did not reply, but the almost imperceptible smile of disdain which curled her beautiful lips, said, as clearly as words could express, "Neither the Signor di las Bermejas, nor any being in the world. Love!" said she, "who understands the feeling as I would understand it? Is it not the name too often given to vanity, coquetry, and heartlessness, and to the attentions of an insipid and servile gallantry. Let us look around. Perhaps Count Anatolio understands its meaning? O, no! he has too blooming a complexion, he dances with too much spirit, he bestows his smiles too indiscriminately on all women, to love any one. Valeria, perhaps; fortunate maiden, she can never have felt the wild, tumultuous feelings of that love, which pines in the absence of the beloved one, and becomes pale and trembles with emotion at the sound of his approaching footstep. And you—"

"I," interrupted Theobaldo, with bitterness; "you appear to have observed me much, signora."

"You do not love Valeria," continued she; "you will never love her, but she will not be unhappy, she will never know what is wanting to her happiness."

"Do you think that I understand it?" said Theobaldo, with a gloomy and troubled expression.

She was silent a moment, and then replied, with a deep sigh, bending her eyes to the ground, while a deep blush overspread her features,

"Yes."

"Then," said he, "you ought to compassionate me. O, I have suffered so much. I have been so unhappy since"—she restrained him by a look—he became silent, and joining his hands he murmured with a sorrow which he endeavored to contain—"You see how much I have suffered!"

"Poor Theobaldo," said the signora, in a low voice, and a tear stood in her deep expressive eye, and shone upon her long black eye-lashes. She became pale with the effect of the powerful emotions which seemed to shake his innermost soul.

"But I have not yet separated from you forever," said he with a low voice, which trembled from the excess of his emotion; "I am still at liberty. Ah! never till this evening did I comprehend the full meaning of the word happiness."

The Signora di las Bermejas did not reply, but they understood each other without words.

I sought Valeria with my eyes; the happy and joyous maiden was dancing in the large saloon, and was smiling from afar to her betrothed.

"My dearest uncle, you do not know the good fortune which has happened to Signor Theobaldo. He has had a legacy of 200,000 francs, and yet I cannot help feeling rather sorry; he might think, perhaps, that I was as proud of his fortune as himself. Ah, no, I would rather he had been poor."

She stopped suddenly, blushing at having expressed her thoughts so openly, and hid her face in her hands. I kissed her, and she wept.

"What is the matter, dear child?" I exclaimed, with alarm.

"Only a little folly, my good uncle," said she, smiling through her tears. "I am so happy, so very happy, that I am fearful of some change."

"Child that thou art," said I, "are we not here to defend thee? Thy future lies bright and unshadowed before thee. A few days hence everything will be assured, and thou wilt be Theobaldo's bride."

"Yes," said she seriously, "death alone could destroy my happiness."

The same day we departed for the country; there we were entirely alone; Theobaldo did not come from Paris once. At the same time, those who did not know what was at his heart would have imagined him in love with an angel, and that he only lived for her. He so surrounded her with loving cares, and appeared so entirely occupied with the future, in which they were to be united; but, alas! the whole of his conduct was prompted by a wish to perform his duty, and inspired the energy with which he devoted himself to the task. These ten days passed very rapidly for all, and the 25th of November arrived balmy and beautiful as a day in the early spring. My fears vanished as my wishes were about to be accomplished. With my heart full of hopeful aspirations, I embraced Valeria tenderly as she knelt before me on that eventful morning to receive my paternal benediction. We passed the morning in my sister's apartments. Theobaldo remained in his own room, respecting those undefined fears and emotions from which the fondest love can hardly fortify the maiden's heart at such a moment. The marquise was amiable, but very frivolous, as I have said before, and she occupied herself this morning entirely with Valeria's dress, and tormented her with a hundred little details. She came and went, gave orders, and every now and then gave me a smile of most heartfelt satisfaction. The wedding was to take place at the municipality at seven o'clock in the evening, in the church of Meudon; the witnesses were alone invited to be present. Madame de Pons dined in her own apartment with Valeria. I went to look for Theobaldo; he affected a gayety of spirits which appeared to me quite alarming. I left him to make his bridegroom's toilet, and in half an hour he came to seek for me in the library.

Never had I seen him look so handsome, but his black dress and his pale face would have made me doubt whether it was a funeral or bridal he was to attend. I was giving orders to my servant, when Theobaldo came up mechanically to one of the

bookcases, and took a book; no sooner had he opened it than he threw it hastily away; he approached the fire, and seating himself near me he tried to smile, but his hands trembled. I took up the book, which I discovered to be a "Journey in Spain," which had been lent to him by the Signora di las Bermejas. When we assembled in the drawing-room about six o'clock, Theobaldo appeared very much more composed. He approached Valeria, who was leaning over her grandmother's arm-chair, and he kissed her hands with much emotion. She was dressed in white, with a wreath of orange flowers, and her bridal veil. She was a pure creature—an angel, in whose presence no bad thoughts or base passions could be felt. Theobaldo felt this influence, and his expression became more serene; at this moment, perhaps, he had altogether forgotten the Signora di las Bermejas.

The saloon was brilliantly illuminated, resplendent with mirrors and crystals, and ornamented with natural flowers. We appeared quite lost in this great room. I asked my sister if she would not come into the smaller one?

"Not yet, not yet," cried she, with a triumphant expression, "because we shall soon have more company. Do you think I would have Valeria married in the chimney corner?"

She had hardly finished speaking when the door opened, and the Signora di las Bermejas was announced, and at the same time about twenty other people of our acquaintance, relations, and the friends of our two families.

"It is a surprise for you, my angel," said the Marquise de Pons, in a low voice to Valeria, as the latter received the compliments paid her, with a blushing and pleased demeanor.

I was thunderstruck!

The Signora di las Bermejas advanced quickly, and placed herself near Valeria. She had also a white dress, white flowers in her black hair, and a white veil put on in the Spanish fashion on her head; you would have supposed her to be another bride, and she was beautiful enough to drive a man distracted. My eyes sought Theobaldo; his face was hidden behind his handkerchief, but the white cambric hardly formed a contrast to the paleness of his forehead.

There was a quarter of an hour employed in congratulations and compliments, and then the carriages were announced. Everybody rose during this general move; the signora approached Theobaldo. He appeared to be trying to master a profound emotion. His look was vacant, his limbs trembled, and he put his hand on the lock of the door which led to the apartment of the Marquise de Pons.

"Courage!" said the Signora di las Bermejas, "courage, Theobaldo!"

"Ah!" exclaimed he, in a voice nearly suffocated by his emotion, "I am a poor, dishonorable fool, because I love you—I love you still."

The detestable vanity of this woman, her atrocious coquetry was satisfied at this avowal, and an imperceptible smile of pride and triumph played upon her lip as she escaped with a *brusque* movement from Theobaldo's side. With an air of surprise and consternation, which was but too well feigned, Valeria came at this moment from her grandmother's room, where she had gone to seek for her bouquet of flowers and her prayer-book. I conducted Theobaldo towards Madame de Pons, to whom he was to give his arm. Then I approached our Valeria, who was standing near the chimney,

and so pale and agitated, she looked as if she would faint. Her hand fell, as if by instinct, upon my arm, and I conducted her to the carriage. The drive was short. Valeria threw herself back into a corner of the carriage, and I respected her silence at the near approach of so solemn a moment. When we reached the municipality, I felt her hand tremble in mine, and she appeared again fainting.

"Courage, my daughter," said I; "is so much fear and agony necessary on the accomplishment of thy destiny, and such a happy destiny?"

We entered the church, and she allowed herself to be conducted to her place by Theobaldo's side, before the syndic, who was there to pronounce the formula—

"You are united in the name of the law."

The brilliant assembly, who had been invited, surrounded the betrothed. Every one was silent. Madame de Pons wept happy tears, and pressed my hands. The Signora di las Bermejas looked at Theobaldo.

The syndic read the act of the law, and then addressed Theobaldo:

"Count Theobaldo de Montmaur, do you take Mademoiselle Valeria de Pons as your lawful wife?"

"Yes," said Theobaldo, in a firm tone.

"And you, Mademoiselle Valeria de Pons, do you accept Count Theobaldo de Montmaur as your lawful husband?"

"No!" said she, in a dying voice, and, in endeavoring to rise, fell back senseless.

I cannot describe the scene which followed—our agony! the consternation of the guests! Time, thank Heaven! has drawn a softening veil over the horrors of the past.

Valeria did not return to life, or awaken from that fearful trance, which daily became more and more like death. Her closed eyes had in them no tears—her body was motionless, insensible; even fire appeared to occasion no pain. I did not leave her more than a few moments at a time, watching—praying to Heaven that she might only utter a word or make the slightest movement. Sometimes it appeared to me as if her lips moved and she but muttered some words; then I bent over her. I called her, but she replied not. The last night I watched by her side the doctor had gone from her room to that of my sister. He had promised not to leave me during these dreadful scenes.

"Doctor," said I, "you will not, then, be able to save either one or the other."

Alas! my sister had nearly reached the term of her life, and must soon have died in the common course of nature; science has no miracles to prolong life after that inevitable term; but Valeria! Valeria! at the age of seventeen.

"Is there, then, nothing that will join again the shattered thread of life which is well nigh broken?"

"It is already broken," said the doctor; "she is already dead; memory, intelligence, the noblest faculties, no longer exist. What shock could awake her from this lethargy?"

"She does not reply to us, but, perhaps, she hears us," cried I, with a sudden thought.

The doctor shook his head. I approached the bed with a light. There she lay unmovable, her white hands crossed upon her bosom, and her head buried amongst the cushions in the midst of her dishevelled hair. Her eyes continued closed, and her lips and cheeks were of a livid hue.

"Valeria," I cried, "Theobaldo is here—he would see thee—he is here!"

At these words she did not open her eyes, but she moved, and a slight color came into her face.

"Valeria, my child, thou hearest me!"

She moved her hands, and fell into terrible convulsions. Her eyes were open, and she looked at me without knowing me, and her unequal respiration appeared every now and then to cease altogether.

Valeria at this moment put her hand to her forehead, and said distinctly—

"I am a poor disgraced, dishonored fool—for I love you—love you still!"

Then I remembered, for the first time, that this unfortunate child must have been in that room near the door where the signora and Theobaldo were standing.

"I am a poor disgraced, dishonored fool, for I love you—I love you still," repeated Valeria, tearing her hair with her hands. She fell back once more, and uttered neither word nor complaint.

But Valeria from this moment gave no further signs of consciousness, and towards morning her gentle spirit passed imperceptibly away. Yes, the child of my old age, its support and comfort, passed away, as the gentle summer wind, and has left me the cold, bleak blasts of winter. My sister did not survive her more than ten days; and Theobaldo—I kept from him Valeria's last words; his agony and grief cannot be described. I left Paris, and resided some years in Italy. On my return I was told the Signora di las Bermejas had married Count Anatolio. I sought Theobaldo. Alas! what a wreck I found him; how old he had become! we spoke with our hearts upon our lips. I felt called upon to comfort and console him.

"I am vile," said he; "yes, you know not how vile, for I love her still. I still love that cruel and stony-hearted woman."

"How is it possible?" said I, "she who has done you so much harm."

Tears came into Theobaldo's eyes.

"Yes," said he, "I know her well now, she

has a heart of stone; she allured me to hope everything—I was her slave—I adored her; when one day she announced coldly to me her engagement with Count Anatolio! Ah! how mean—how vile I became at that moment. I supplicated her—I wept at her feet—I asked her love, which was my life. 'A *mariage de convenance* is a sad folly,' said I, repeating her own words. 'This was your opinion; you must not, you will not marry but for love!'

"But for ambition!" she replied.

"These were her last words to me. I never saw her more."

"Time will bring a remedy to all this," said I; "everything changes in the life of the young, and the future brings for them new sorrows and new joys, but the old can bear but little."

Theobaldo shook his head.

"Do you not suppose," replied he, "that I have exerted myself to overcome this madness, this folly? But neither my will, nor my reason have enabled me to obtain the mastery over it; the mere thought of her beauty fills my soul with the most tumultuous sensations; but what a vile, what an infernal spirit! I know her well. Could I become for one single day master of that woman, govern her, and see her tremble before me, love me, or feign to love, I should be satisfied with a few hours of such happiness. You see I am mad!"

"You must travel."

"Yes; my passport is already prepared. I go to Spain."

"To Spain!"

"Yes; I go to put myself in the way of being shot in the service of Queen Christina—life has become a burthen to me, and I do not think, like that woman, that it is a pity to die young; and then she will compassionate me—she will feel remorse."

"Theobaldo!" exclaimed I, "Valeria is, indeed, revenged."

The next morning he had left Paris forever.

From the Tribune.

AN IRISH MELODY.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

AIR—"Hush the Cat."

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil! rise up from your wheel;
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree—

Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.

The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley,

While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair,
glancing,

'T is hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she could n't but choose to—go off to the dancing.

And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;

And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;

With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—

The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.

Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's—

Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing;

Search the world all round, from the sky to the ground,

No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue

Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly—

Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form—

Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?

Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;

The sight leaves his eye as he cries, with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

From the Eclectic Review.

Episodes of Insect Life. By Acheta Domestica. First and Second Series. London: Reeve, Benham & Reeve.

THE laugh at entomology is nearly spent. Not often now is a man of science ridiculed because he collects flies, caterpillars, and moths. The case of insects, all impaled though they be—thrust through and through with entomological pins, is not now regarded as a collection of mangled victims sacrificed to a silly pursuit. Known professors of the science, in the words of our author, may now assemble in council, and communicate their observations and inquiries, without fear of becoming themselves subjects for a commission *De lunatico inquirendo*; and butterfly-hunters, net in hand, may now chase their game without being themselves made game of. But it was not always so. Time was when to be an entomologist, and to be in the estimation of the world slightly deranged of intellect, were synonymous. We are credibly informed, by Messrs. Kirby and Spence, of a poor lady, (Lady Granville,) who during her life-time took pleasure in these humbler works of God, and was, consequently, while she lived, considered but half-witted, and after death her will was attempted to be set aside on the ground of insanity—the insanity of having been an insect-collector! We have read of a De Geer burning numerous copies of his admirable work on insects with his own hands, mortified at the ridicule which awaited the volume in a scorning world.* These were days when the student of the minuter part of the creation of God met with little encouragement from without, and was left to the pure solace of his delightful task. The satirist wrote of such as of men who

Think their eyes
And reason given them but to study flies.

Yet he forgot the littleness of his own mind, which saw not wonders of intelligence and skill all open and patent to those who were the subjects of his ridicule. Better days have come; and to be now a student of any branch of natural science, is to win a claim to the respect, or even to the admiration, of men. Ray, De Geer, Reaumur, and Swammerdam, saw the dawn and partial development of a brighter time. Latreille, Lamarek, Cuvier, Curtis, Macleay, Kirby and Spence, Newport, Westwood, and others, have seen the blaze of day shine upon their favorite study; and the fact that there is at this present time an Entomological Society in a flourishing condition in London, sufficiently indicates the altered fortunes of the science itself.

The classical work of Messrs. Kirby and Spence has supplied many writers with the most valuable of their materials in the composition of works on entomology; and, in reading this standard book, it is impossible not to be struck with the erudition and research of its now venerable authors, and with the exhaustive manner in which the subject has been treated. Taking up any modern work on

* De Geer lived, however, to see his great work eagerly received, read, and admired.

this science, it is easy, if one is well read in these interesting volumes, to mark page after page which has been evidently derived from this source. While this work is not up to the present state of the science in some of its portions, in those which relate to the habits and manners of insects, it is still without a rival in our own, or in any other language—nay, or in any other of the natural sciences.

Our author, we are tempted to write authoress, for we think the beautiful works we are now to notice betray indications of a lady's pen, has availed him or herself of the work of Messrs. Kirby and Spence; has thence drawn the elements entering into the composition of these works; and, with the addition of allegoric ornament, and a few new facts, has produced, under the soubriquet of *Acheta Domestica*, two very delightful drawing-room-table books. Wonderful tales of zoological humanity are here recorded, interwoven with the romantic fancies of the author's own invention. Insects not only live and move in the pages, but speak, and think, go to battle, serenade, revolutionize, murder, and do all other things becoming civilized (!) beings. The author has, in fact, erred on the side of over-buoyancy. The volumes are delightful reading, but they are too light to our taste. Rhapsody and fable spread so wide a sheet as to overbalance the solid facts they are intended to waft along; and the reader finds himself in a continual puzzle to know whether what is engaging his interest be in reality fact or fiction. This has been evidently felt by the writer of the works, for every now and then, we are told in a "note" or in a soberer sentence, that all we have been reading is really true—true with adornment should have been added. We may be told, this is the very idea of the books; but, if so, then by so much that the facts of insect history have been dressed up beyond nature, by so much do the works fail in the object for which they were written—the desire to create a love for the truths of entomology itself. But we shall not quarrel with *Acheta Domestica* for this—no, nor for anything else; for the volumes our cricket author has produced do infinite credit to the delicacy of his taste and to the exuberance of his fancy; and gladly will we be of his company, while, seated on the aged trunk of a tree, he fills our listening ears with wondrous things. Of some of these let us present a specimen, and take as a fair illustration of truths pleasantly stated the following account of the private life of a—fly.

The fly is a perfect insect, (or imago,) having already passed through its two preparatory stages of transformation, those of larva and pupa, corresponding to what, with the butterfly, is more generally known as caterpillar and chrysalis, so that, like the butterfly, when winged it grows no more. Those middle-sized fly gentry, also nearly equalized, which form the main body of our parlor visitants, are altogether a different species to those of much lesser or greater magnitude, such as some tiny frequenters of flowers, the bouncing blue-bottle and the black and gray chequered blow-fly, those pests preëminent of the larder, which, as every cook knoweth, are neither

Hatched on the road—nor in the stable bred.

Numerous gay-colored varieties may be seen between spring and autumn and in September nearly altogether, grouped in a *tableau vivant*, settled and sipping on the honeyed clusters of the Michaelmas daisy, that last starry heaven of their existence, at all events for the year. Later still, towards the end of October, and beginning of November, when taking a noonday walk under a southern ivy-crested wall, you may be sure to see some of all of them come out to meet you from the dark green bush of shelter. Even now, if you examine closely between the wall and the bearded ivy stems which embrace it, you may detect behind them many a refugee of the revolutionary year, and you may, perhaps, be rewarded for your trouble, by turning out from the same shelter, in lieu of a sleepy fly, a hibernating butterfly—

Startling the eye
With unexpected beauty.

Once more to our picture.—You know, we suppose, that the fly has a pair of wings, but a hundred to one if one of you out of a hundred has ever noticed that she has also a pair of winglets, (or little secondary wings,) and a pair of poisers, drumstick-like appendages between the main wings and the body, employed for assisting and steadying her flight. These poisers are much more conspicuous, and easily observed without a magnifier, in the gnat and in the father longlegs, insects belonging to the same order as flies.

Did it ever occur to you to notice the prismatic painting of a fly's nervous pinion—the iridescent colors wherewith its glassy membrane seems overlaid? If not, only look, we pray you, in a proper light at the next of its kind you may chance to meet with, and if, as is most likely, it comes to tell you a pleasant tale of approaching springtime, we are verily sure that you will see a hundred rainbows painted on its wing.—*First Series*, pp. 42, 43.

Few things in natural history are more amusing than the change of condition undergone by various insects in their passage from the egg up to the perfect being. To think that a creature which is to wing its way through viewless fields of air, to sport on zephyr's wings, and to bask in the sunshiny atmosphere of fields and flower-gardens, should be, during a part of its life, an active occupant of the waters, frisking about in the oddest manner, all the days of its larva and pupa-hood, is a natural marvel, of which no science but entomology affords the parallel. And these objects of wonder are not far out of our observation; on the contrary, they are overlooked every day of our life, and when really sought for are among the commonest objects that surround us. To take an instance—

All those who are accustomed to make their ablations in soft water, have probably noticed, at the bottom of their ewers, an assemblage of dirty-colored fuzzy streaks, which, on narrowly watching, they would find to be endued with the power of locomotion. Each of these objects, as it meets the sight, is nothing but a case of dusty particles collected around it by a little living occupant, which, on account of its color, has acquired the sanguinary name of blood-worm. An eye acquainted with this

unpromising object would as little expect to behold evolved from it a creature of grace and beauty, as to see a rose expand from the stalk of a nettle; yet, after passing through the intermediate stage of pupa, (in which its breathing organs are no less curiously adapted than those of the common species,) this little worm emerges from the water in the shape of a small gnat, whose elegant plumes, surpassing those of its fellows, have acquired for it the accordant appellation of *Chironimus plumosus*. Some varieties of this pretty fly waltz upon the water, or glide over its surface like the stately swan—their wings, as with the bird, serving them for the purpose of a sail. All gnats, however, are not aquatic in their birth and early stages; one little orange-colored species, instead of awaking into life surrounded by a liquid expanse, finds itself within the narrow bounds of a single wheat blossom, the pollen of which (thanks to a careful mother) provides for all its infant necessities. Mighty in their multitude, a swarm of tiny feeders such as these are said sometimes to destroy a crop of wheat.—*Ib.*, pp. 71, 72.

Of creatures whose lives are chiefly spent in, and even under, the surface of the dimpled brook, or wayside pool, is none more interesting, few more fierce, than the water-spider, whose residence is a subaqueous diving-bell:—

Who has not seen, or is not curious to behold, that "lion" of the Polytechnic, the diving-bell? Now those who for lack of opportunity are among the latter, may see a diving-bell in miniature by repairing to the brink of some running stream, canal, or ditch, (provided it be not stagnant,) in the neighborhood of London or elsewhere. There they may perceive, shining through the water, a little globe, apparently of silver, which surrounds, as with a garment, the body of a diving spider, whose submerged habitation and curious economy have been described, as follows, by different observers. "These spiders," says De Geer, "spin in the water a cell of strong, closely-woven white silk, in the form of a diving-bell or half a pigeon's egg. This is sometimes quite submerged, at others partly above the water, and is always attached to some objects near it by a number of irregular threads. It is closed all round, but has a large opening below, which, however, I found closed on the 15th of December, and the spider living quietly within, with her head downwards. I made a rent in this cell and expelled the air, upon which the spider came out; yet, though she appeared to have been laid up for three months in her winter quarters, she greedily seized on and sucked an insect. The male, as well as the female, constructs a similar subaqueous cell, and during summer as well as winter." One of these spiders was kept by Mr. Rennie several months in a glass of water, where it built a cell half-submerged, in which it laid its eggs. These are enclosed in bags of yellow silk, and are hatched in summer.

But it is in the pages of Kirby and Spence that we find the habitations and habits of this amphibious architect most strikingly and pleasantly described. "Her abode, (say they,) built in water and formed of air, is constructed on philosophic principles, and consists of a subaqueous, yet dry apartment, in which, like a mermaid or a sea-nymph, she resides in comfort. Loose threads, attached in various directions to the leaves of aquatic plants, form the framework of her chamber.

Over these she spreads a transparent (elastic) varnish, like liquid glass, which issues from the middle of her spinners; next, she spreads over her belly a pellicle of the same material, and ascends to the surface "to inhale and carry down a supply of atmospheric fluid. Head downwards, and with her body, all but the spinneret, still submersed, our diver (by a process which does not seem precisely ascertained) introduces a bubble of air beneath the pellicle which surrounds her." Clothed in this aerial mantle, which to the spectator seems formed of resplendent quicksilver, she then plunges to the bottom, and, with as much dexterity as a chemist transfers gas with a gasholder, introduces her bubble of air beneath the roof prepared for its reception; this manœuvre is ten or twelve times repeated, and when she has transported sufficient air to expand her apartment to its intended extent, she possesses an aerial edifice, an enchanted palace, where, unmoved by storms, she devours her prey at ease.—*Ib.*, pp. 137—139.

The predatory habits of this ingenious insect are made the subject of an episode in verse by our fanciful Acheta. Though the lines be somewhat jingling, they tell, in a manner calculated to please the ear, the sad tale of this female giant Grim, of her devouring luckless travellers, and of her finally falling victim to a mail-clad knight—the impersonation of the yet more formidable Water Beetle.

Ever since the delightful account given by Reaumur of the history of the ephemera, or mayflies, the subject has been the favorite of all entomological writers. As presenting us with a lively and accurate account of the various stages in the life of these insects, we may present the following extract—perhaps one of the best entire entomological sketches in this work:—

Maternal instinct, wonderfully guided by paternal Providence, directs each parent mayfly (heedless sporter as she seems) to drop her eggs into the water while she hovers about its surface. From each of these issues, in due time, a wingless, six-legged grub, which bears no resemblance to the perfect insect, except, perhaps, in the triple appendage of bristles issuing from the tail. This little animal is provided with a set of breathing tubes running along each side of its body, adapted for the extraction of air from water; also, on each side, eight fins, which, by aid of a microscope, are clearly discernible. The first care and labor of the larva's life is to excavate for its habitation, within the soft bank of the river, a hole or burrow, proportioned to its size, and below the level of the water, of which it is consequently always full. This cavernous abode serves the double purpose of protecting it from the jaws of its finny foes, and of providing it with a ready supply of that slimy earth on which it is supposed chiefly to subsist. It has, however, been suggested that the insect may, after all, only derive nutriment from the decaying vegetable matter mixed with the earth thus swallowed; but that if, on the contrary, it really feeds on earth, the fact would at once abolish the distinction laid down by Mirbel between the animal and vegetable kingdoms.*

* Acheta should have remembered the earth-eating otomacs.

In the above submerged, subterranean, sunless, and earth-eating existence, the streams of life and its native current glide for four-and-twenty successive moons over the head of our as yet misnamed ephemera, which, during the latter part of the same period exchanges the first (or larva) for the second (or pupa) state of insect life. It is then that, on some fine May-morning (or, may-be, evening) it bids adieu forever to its dark, subaqueous dwelling, and rises to the surface, prepared to enter on its third estate.

Having burst from the pupa-skin, which is left behind as the badge and bandage of an inferior and confined condition, it quits, in company with numerous fellows, the water for the air, in the shape, to all appearance, of a perfect fly. As if, however, the most fugaceous of all insect forms was purposely designed to be also the most elaborately finished, it has still to pass through another and fourth stage of development. The singular process by which this additional and final change is effected has been thus described:—

"After its release from the puparium, and making use of its wings for flight, often to a considerable distance, the little ephemera fixes itself, by its claws, in a vertical position, to some convenient object, and withdraws every part of the body, even legs and wings, from a thin pellicle which has enclosed them like a glove the fingers; and so exactly do the exuviae, which remain attached to the spot where the ephemera has disrobed itself, retain their former figure, that I have more than once, at first sight, mistaken them for the perfect insect."

To become eye-witnesses of this interesting operation, we have only, on a warm, still morn or evening of May or early June, to take our station beside a brook which they are known to haunt, and we shall see them rise from the water, and settling on some adjacent water-plant, or, perhaps, on our own sacred persons, proceed to cast off and leave suspended the outer garment which has hitherto concealed their last and most perfect suit. This, though much resembling it, greatly exceeds the former in polish of texture and clearness of coloring. In ephemera caught previously to this final casting off, we have had opportunities of observing it reflected in our own window.

When thus adorned in their best, and what may properly be called their bridal vestments, love and pleasure (unimpeded even by the exigencies of hunger, air being their only food) form the brief and brilliant consummation of their lives. Spite of the pathetic enumeration above quoted of ephemeral miseries, what, after all, is less deserving pity than our own merry mayfly, even in its last estate? In happy ignorance of all surrounding perils—sporting one moment on the sunset beam—engulphed the next in dark unconsciousness by skimming swallow or by rising fish—it is through the cruelty of man alone that they are exposed, as they dangle on the line, to a fate really worthy of commiseration. We have only to watch their revels in the air, and, instead of "the most wretched," we shall be disposed to call them the most happy, of created insects. The dullest and most dispirited of solitary strollers that ever marred, by his cold melancholy visage, the warm glowing face of a summer's eve, could hardly behold a translucent cloud of these buoyant creatures, as it comes glittering betwixt himself and the setting sun, without feeling his very heart illumined as though by some scattered sparks struck from this mass of

bright existence. Assembled in jocund groups—now sporting high above the tallest willows—now descending to the surface of the meadows or the stream—now sailing like hawks—now rising and falling in undulating motion—their long triple tails disported, and by turns elevated and depressed with the movement of their lightsome bodies—thus with the ephemeral crowd passes their live-long day, which, unless prematurely ended, terminates at an hour of the day natural, regulated by that of its commencement.”—*Second Series*, pp. 51—54.

The remarkable action of the female ant in voluntarily depriving herself of wings, in order the better to attend to the duties of the community, is the basis for a sylvan morality which Acheta would call a word to wives; and the substance of which is as follows:—A young married lady is bent upon attending a fancy-ball, contrary to the wishes of her husband; taking a stroll into the woods, she is made the witness of one of these extraordinary actions on the part of the ants, and, learning wisdom thence, lays aside her wings, and gives up the ball. With the morality we have not to do—with the entomology we have simply to call the reader's attention to the real facts connected with this proceeding, and which are described in a sort of note to the ideal narrative of which the above is the substance:—

The remarkable procedure of the matron ant, whereon the preceding narrative is founded, is a well-authenticated fact. The circumstances attending it were partially noticed by Gould, the historian of English ants, Linnæus, and De Geer; and observed and related with greater accuracy by Huber, part of whose interesting account we shall combine with a few introductory remarks by a living naturalist, whose testimony is given to its veracity:—

“It was supposed by the ancients, that all ants, at a certain age, acquired wings; but it was reserved for recent naturalists to ascertain that it is only the males and females that are ever winged, and that the latter lose them after pairing in the air, as they have no longer any use for them.”

The younger Huber, by means of his artificial fornicaries, traced the development of the wings in the female from their first commencement, till he saw them stripped off by themselves, and laid aside like cast-off clothes. He one day visited some ant-hills, which he knew to be filled with winged inhabitants, whose departure could not be far distant. “Hardly,” says he, “had I reached the spot, when I saw several, both males and females, pass over my head; while at the ant-hill, I observed others take flight, the males always preceding. Of these I took eight pairs, and placed them in a box to observe them on my return home; but a violent shower, which came on at this moment, offered me a sight as singular as unexpected. As soon as the rain was over, I saw the earth strewed with females without wings. They were, most likely, the very ones that I had seen in the air. * * * On my return home, I placed my eight prisoners, with some moist earth, in a garden-pot, covered with a glass. It was nine o'clock in the evening: at ten the females had lost their wings, which I observed scattered here and there, and were hiding

themselves under the earth.” Three of the insects placed in a box, without earth at the bottom, did not, on this account, divest themselves of their wings; but another, furnished with a light earthen bed, no sooner perceived it, than “she extended her wings with some effort, brought them before her head, crossed them in all directions, threw them from side to side, and produced so many singular contortions, that all four wings fell off at the same moment. After this change, she reposed, brushed her corslet with her feet, then traversed the ground, appearing to seek a place of shelter; she partook of the honey I gave her, and at last formed a hiding-place under some loose earth that formed a little natural grotto.” Huber repeated, and describes minutely, the like experiments on several females of different species, and always with the same results.

Gould (writing about 1747, and calling the winged females “large ant-flies,” the males, small ones,) says: “If you place a number (of the former) in a box, the wings of many of them will, after some time, gradually fall off like autumnal leaves.” He also observes, “that a large ant-fly (contrary to other insects) gains by the loss of her wings, is afterwards promoted to a throne, and drops these external ornaments as emblems of too much levity for a sovereign.” But as female ants hold little of the state and none of the authority of queens, he would have spoken of their wings more properly as incumbrances to their new matronly duties, one of which is the construction of chambers in the earth. July and August is their usual season for disrobing.—*Ib.*, pp. 189—191.

Our cricket is well capable of treating upon insect minstrelsy; and a pleasant episode is that on this subject. Had, however, the essay of M. Goureau, on the stridulation of insects, in the “*Annales de la Société Entomologique*,” been carefully studied, a few more recent facts might have been added on points of insect minstrelsy, long obscure and ill understood:—

The instrument of the celebrated *Cicada* (the classic lyre-player)—an insect rarely seen in England,* but still common in the south of Europe—consists, as described by Reaumur, of a pair of drums fixed one on each side of the trunk; these are covered on the exterior by two membranaceous plates, usually circular or oval; and beneath them is a cavity, part of which seems to open into the belly. These drums form, however, but one portion of a compound instrument; for, besides these, there is attached to another drum-like membrane in the interior, a bundle of muscular strings; on pulling which, and letting them go again, a sound can be produced even after the animal's death. For the issue of this sound, a hole is expressly provided, like the sound-hole of a violin, or the opening in the human larynx.

The chirp of the cricket, both of house and field, is said, by Kirkby, to be produced by the friction of the bases of the tegmina, or wing-cases, against each other, at their base; but these insects are also provided with their drums. In the large green field-cricket, this drum is described as a round plate of transparent membrane, tensely stretched, and surrounded by a prominent edge, or nervure. The instrument is to be found in that

* The insect has been found in the New Forest.

part of the right wing-case which is folded horizontally over the trunk, and is concealed under the left, in which also there is a strong circular nervure corresponding to the hoop of the drum beneath. The quick motion with which these nervures are rubbed together, producing a vibration in the membrane, is supposed to augment the sound.

What we call familiarly the singing or chirping of grasshoppers and locusts, is outwardly produced by application of the hind shank of the thigh, rubbing it smartly against the wing-cases, and alternating the right and left legs; but these, as well as the *Cicada* and the cricket, are provided with their "petits tambours"—membrane-covered drums, or cavities of somewhat varied construction—to augment the sound of exterior origin.—*Ib.*, pp. 219, 220.

We close these most beautiful works with reluctance, and have drawn more largely upon them than is our wont, chiefly in consequence of the intrinsic interest of the subjects treated, and of the pleasant style in which they have been handled. The entire getting up, printing, binding, and illustrative embellishments, does infinite credit to the publishers. Rarely have we seen a work in science so attractively adorned, so exquisitely printed, so prettily illustrated. Let us add this, however: the artist succeeds admirably in his real illustrations—that is, when dealing with entomology, and, generally, with landscape—but many of the "ideal" illustrations are too hardly drawn to be ludicrous, except it be for this fault. Let him give us the cricket author in his study, or a beetle harnessed to an acorn car, on which sits a golden *Cicada*, and the illustration is to perfection; but when his pencil touches the human figure or face divine, it produces almost a caricature.

The author's style has its objections. His words are always in a state of effervescence. They read too sharp and brisk to be natural. Alliterations abound in every page; and only too frequently is some aged pun brushed up and set on new legs again among these sparkling lines. The scientific information thus put in ball-room dress, is sound and recent. Let us tell our friend Acheta, however, that the ant is a provider. He says nay; and entomologists generally have endeavored, with much ingenuity, to explain away the declaration of Scripture as to the providing instincts of this humble being. But Lieutenant Colonel Sykes, when in India, discovered a species of ant, which he calls *Atta Providens*, whose habits literally answer to the words of the Bible; and he describes the store of food gathered by this insect within its habitation. The ant of Scripture, therefore, was, in reality, a provident creature. It gives us real satisfaction to add, that when a word can be appropriately said to lead the mind up to the God of creation, it is generally given. We wish the volumes success, because they appear to us abundantly to deserve it, and nothing but a very large sale can remunerate the publishers for the large outlay expended in their production.

REMARKABLE STORY OF AN ALBATROS.—The subjoined anecdote of an Albatros is taken from a recent number of the Montreal Transcript. The writer vouches for its fidelity to truth. Persons who have seen that most restless of birds, and are familiar with its strength and its habits, (says the Louisville Journal,) will have less difficulty in believing in this story than those who have not seen it. It is an admirable story, and is very well told:—

The following most extraordinary circumstance is furnished in a letter from an officer of the 83d regiment, now in India, to a friend in Montreal. Whilst the division of the 83d regiment to which the writer belonged, was on its way to India, being at the time a short distance eastward of the Cape, one of the men was severely flogged for some slight offence. Maddened at the punishment, the poor fellow was no sooner released than, in the sight of all his comrades and the ship's crew, he sprang overboard. There was a high sea running at the time, and, as the man swept on astern, all hope of saving him seemed to vanish. Relief, however, came from a quarter where no one ever dreamt of looking for it before. During the delay incident on lowering a boat, and whilst the crowd on deck were watching the form of the soldier struggling with the boiling waves, and growing every moment less distinct, a large albatros, such as are always found in those latitudes, coming like magic, with an almost imperceptible motion, approached and made a swoop at the man, who, in the agonies of the death struggle, seized it and held it firmly in his grasp, and by this means kept afloat until assistance was rendered from the vessel. Incredible as this story seems, the name and position of the writer of the letter, who was an eye-witness of the scene, place its authenticity beyond a doubt. But for the assistance thus afforded, the writer adds, no power on earth could have saved the soldier, as, in consequence of the tremendous sea running, a long time elapsed before the boat could be manned and got down—all this time the man clinging to the bird, whose flutterings and struggles to escape bore him up. Who after this should despair? A raging sea—a drowning man—an albatros; what eye could see safety under such circumstances; or who will dare to call this chance? Is it not rather a lesson intended to stimulate faith and hope, and teach us never to despair, since, in the darkest moment, when the waves dash, and the winds roar, and a gulf seems closing over our heads, *there may be an albatros near.*

DOG EXPRESS.—The Minnesota Pioneer gives the following account of the "dog train" which recently arrived at St. Paul from the extreme North-west.

The train arrived on Monday last, with a heavy mail from Pembina and the Selkirk settlement, distance five hundred miles. Snows are reported very deep in the north. The three dogs, having made fifty miles a day some days, were much fatigued at the end of their journey; being fed, they laid down in their harnesses for several hours and slept, but moving their feet, while sleeping on their sides, as if they were still travelling. Their sledge is a light board, with sides to it, of

green hide, making a sort of open shoe, with a prow turning up in front, skate fashion. The sledge contained the mail and provisions for the dogs and two men, pemican, &c.; there being no dwelling to stop at for many hundred miles. One of the men, half-breeds, travelled ahead of the dogs; and the other, with a stick to drive them and a rope to hold back the sledge down hill, came behind. The dogs are sharp-eared, a little above the medium size, and look much like wolves. We have been thus particular in describing this travelling equipage, knowing that it will seem novel to our readers in the states.

THE London papers contain the following ludicrous account of a game of cross-purposes played by the great Duke of Wellington, the great Bishop of London, and the not quite so great, but somewhat gettish, Mrs. Loudon, the authoress:—

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND HIS WATERLOO BREECHES.—A remarkable story has been in circulation in private circles for some days past, which, we think is too good to be lost to the "general public," particularly as it numbers among its *dramatis personæ* no less personages than Field Marshal his Grace the Commander-in-Chief, the Metropolitan Bishop, and an accomplished authoress. It is only necessary to mention the name of Mrs. Loudon, to recall to the reader's memory the clever writings of that lady on horticulture. She was lately in the neighborhood of Strathfieldsaye, and being anxious to visit spots remarkable for fine specimens of the vegetable world, she wrote to the duke, conveying her desire to see some "beeches," for which the gardens of his grace were celebrated. The letter was duly delivered, and the duke, raising his glasses and glancing at the contents, his eye caught hastily the signature of the note, "C. J. Loudon," and he at once came to the conclusion that it came from Charles James, Bishop of London, more particularly as the hand-writing bore a close resemblance to that of the right reverend prelate. But whilst there was nothing remarkable in the fact of a note from the bishop, the object of it did raise his grace's most especial wonder, for that same rapid glance which had converted an amiable lady into a bishop, metamorphosed the majestic beeches of Strathfieldsaye into the nether garments of their illustrious owner; in fact, the note ran thus: that "C. J. Loudon" (the ordinary laconic mode in which Charles James, Bishop of London, sums up his honors and dignities) was desirous of viewing the Duke of Wellington's "breeches." How the duke looked as he eyed the note, is not our province to picture, but with his usual despatch, and thinking that the request applied to the Waterloo inexpressibles, and that they might be wanted for artistic purposes, he directed his valet to look out the article, and forward it in a polite form to his lordship.

The packet arrived at the bishop's, and the amazement with which the prelate received with "F. M. the Duke of Wellington's compliments," his "Waterloo breeches," may possibly be conceived. But the ludicrous was soon changed into the painful, as the idea flashed through the mind of the bishop that all was not "quite right" with the great veteran, and to solve the painful doubt his lordship started off to the premier to make Lord John a party to the extraordinary present he had

received. Now it happened that after the parcel had been despatched, the duke was struck by a similar thought as to the mental state of the right reverend prelate, and he, too, thought it his duty to report to the premier the probable state of one of the heads of the church militant. His grace arrived most appropos. The bishop was with the premier, Lord John was pondering over the mystery of the breeches, when up rode the noble owner of them. How he and the bishop looked at each other, is again one of those matters in which the imagination of the pencil must come to the duty of the pen. But the climax of the scene was, that the letter, the source from whence all the mischief had arose, was produced, conned over, and at length rightly interpreted, C. J. Loudon was substituted for the Bishop of London, the beeches of Strathfieldsaye for the duke's breeches, and to sum up, Mrs. Loudon received by return of post a polite compliance with her request. We have given the above facts as they have been related in different quarters as authentic.

[There is no accounting for it—but we make this kind of mistake. Indeed, we have several times taken, at first sight, Mrs. Loudon's signature for that of the Bishop of London. Once we read a standing notice at the head of a religious paper to this startling effect: "The Editor must not be held responsible for the *vices* of his correspondents." Further examination proved the word to be *views*.]

CURIOSITY OF TEA-POTS.—The so-called Elizabethan tea-pots must be of a later date, for tea was not known in England until the time of Charles II.; but it is interesting to trace the gradual increase in the size of the tea-pot, from the diminutive productions of the Elers, in the time of Queen Anne and George I., when tea was sold in apothecaries' shops, to the capacious vessel which supplied Dr. Johnson with "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." Mr. Croker, in his edition of Boswell's Life, mentions a tea-pot that belonged to Dr. Johnson which held two quarts; but this sinks into insignificance compared with the superior magnitude of that in the possession of Mrs. Marryat, of Wimbledon, who purchased it at the sale of Mrs. Piozzi's effects at Streatham. This tea-pot, which was the one generally used by Dr. Johnson, holds more than three quarts. It is of old Oriental porcelain, painted and gilded, and from its capacity was well suited to the taste of one "whose tea-kettle had no time to cool, who with tea solaced the midnight hour, and with tea welcomed the morn." George IV. had a large assemblage of tea-pots, piled in pyramids, in the Pavilion at Brighton. Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was also a collector of tea-pots, each of which possessed some traditional interest, independently of its intrinsic merit; but the most diligent collector of tea-pots was the late Mrs. Hawes. She bequeathed no less than three hundred specimens to her daughter, Mrs. Donkin, who has arranged them in a room appropriated for that purpose. Among them are several formerly belonging to Queen Charlotte. Many are of the old Japan, one with two divisions, and two spouts, for holding both black and green tea, and another, of curious device, with a small aperture at the bottom to admit the water, there being no opening at the top—atmospheric pressure preventing the water from running out. This singular Chinese toy has been copied in the Rockingham ware.

History of Pottery and Porcelain.

Chalfont.

ARRIVED at last; after what a journey! Ned had sent me word overnight to expect, this forenoon, a smart young cavalier, on a fine prancing steed, with rich accoutrements. Howbeit, cousin is neither young nor handsome; and, at the time specifyde, there was brought up to y^e door an old white horse, blind of one eye, with an aquiline nose, and, I should think, eight feet high. The bridle was diverse from y^e pillion, which was finely embroidered, but tarnisht, with y^e stuffing oozing out in severall places. Howbeit, 't was the onlie equipage to be hired in y^e ward for love or money . . . so Ned sayd . . . And he had a huge payr of gauntlett gloves, a whip, that was y^e smartest thing about him, and a kind of vizard over his nose and mouth, which, he sayd, was to prevent his being too alluring; but I know 't was to ward off infection. I had meant to be brave; and Nurse and I had brushed up y^e green camblet skirt, but the rent mother had made in it would show; however, Nurse thought that, when I was up, she could conceal it with a corking pin. Thus appointed, Ned led y^e way, saying, the onlie occasion on which a gentleman needed not to excuse himself to a lady for going first, was when they were to ride a pillion. Noe more jesting when once a-horseback; for, after pacing through a few deserted streets, we found ourselves amidst such a medly of carts, coaches and wagons, full of people and goods, all pouring out of town, that Ned had enough to doe to keep cleare of 'em, and of the horsemen and empty vehicles coming back for fresh loads. Dear heart! what jostling, cursing and swearing! And how awfull y^e cause! Houses padlocked and shuttered wherever we passed, and some with red crosses on y^e doors. At y^e first turnpike 't was worst of alle—a complete stoppage; men squabbling, women crying, and much good daylight wasted. Howbeit, Ned desired me to keep my mouth shut, my eyes open, and to trust to his good care; and, by dint of some shrewd pilotage, weathered y^e strait; after which, our old horse, whose paces, to do him justice, proved very easie, took longer steps than anie other on y^e road, by which means we soon got quit of y^e throng; onlie, we continuallie gained on fresh parties—some dreadfully overloaded, some knocked up aheadie, some baiting at y^e roadside, and many of y^e poorer sort erecting 'emselves rude tents and cabins under y^e hedges. Soon I began to rejoyce in y^e green fields, and sayd, how sweet was y^e air; and Ned sayd, "Ah!—a brick-kiln," and signed at one with his whip. But I knew the wind came t'other way;—and e'en bricks are better than dead rats.

Half-way to Amersham, found Hob Carter's wagon, with father's organ in't, sticking in y^e hedge, without man or horse; and, by-and-by, came upon Hob himself, with a party, carousing. Ned gave it him well, and sent him back at double-quick time. 'T was too bad. He had left town overnight, and promised to be at Chalfont

by noon. I s^d have beene fain to keep him in advance of us; howbeit, we were foret to leave him in y^e rear; and, about two miles beyond Amersham, we turned off the high road into a country lane, which soon brought us to a small retired hamlet, shaded with trees, and surrounded with pleasant meadows and orchards, which was no other than Chalfont. There was mother near y^e gate, putting some fine things to bleach on a sweetbriar-hedge. Ned stopt to chat with her, and learn where he might put his horse, while I went to seek father; and soon found him, sitting up in a strait chair, outside y^e garden-door. Sayd, kissing him, "Dear father, how is 't with you? Are you comfortable here?"

"Anything but that," replies he, very shortlie. "I am not in any way at my ease in this place. I can get no definite notion of what 't is like, and what notion I have is unfavorable. To finish all, they have stuck me up here, like a bottle in the smoke."

"But here is a cushion for you," quoth I, running in and back agayn; "and I will set your seat in y^e sun, and out of the wind, and put your staff within reach."

"Thanks, dear Deb. And now, look about, child, and tell me, with precision, what the place is like."

Soe I told him 't was an irregular two-storied tenement, parcel wood, parcel brick, with a deep roof of old tiles that had lost their color, and were curioslie variegated with green and yellow moss; and that y^e eaves were dentilled, with birds' nests built in 'em, and a big honeysuckle growing to y^e upper floor; and there was a great and a little gable, and a heavy chimney-stack; a casement of four compartments next y^e door, and another of two over it; four lattice windows at t'other end; in front, a steep meadow, enamelled with king-cups and blue-bells; alongside y^e gable-end, a village-road, with deep cart-ruts, and hawthorn hedges. Onlie one small dwelling at hand, little better than a crazy haystack, or big bird's nest; sheep in y^e field, bees in y^e honeysuckle; and a little rippling rivulet flowing on continually.

"Why, now you have sett me quite at ease," cries he, turning his bright eyes thankfully towards y^e sky. "I begin to like the place, and to bless the warm sun and pure air. Ha! so there is a rippling rivulet, that floweth on continually! . . . Lord, forgive me for my peevish petulance . . . for forgetting that I could still hear the lark sing her morning hymn, scent the meadow-sweet and new-mown hay, detect the bee at his industry, and the woodpecker at his mischief, discern the breath of cows, and hear the lambs bleat, and the rivulet ripple con-tin-ually! Come! let us go and seek Ned."

And, throwing his arm about me, hugs me to him, saying, "This is my best walking-stick," and steps forward briskly and fearlessly.

Truly, I think Ned loves him as though he were his own father; and, indeed, he hath scarce

known any other. Kissing his hand reverently, he says—"Honored Nunks, how fares it with you? Do you like Chalfont?"

"Indeed I do, Ned," responds father, heartily. "Tis a little Zoar, whither I and my fugitive family have escaped from the wicked city; and, I thank God, my wife has no mind to look back."

"We may as well go in now," says mother.

"No, no," says father; "I feel there is an hour of summer's sunset still left. We will abide where we are, and keep as long as we can out of the smell of your soap-suds. . . . Let's sit upon the ground."

"And tell strange stories of the deaths of kings," says Ned, laughing.

"That was the saying, Ned, of one who writ much well, and much amiss."

"Let's forgive what he writ amiss, for the sake of what he writ well," says Ned.

"That will I never," says father. "If paltry wits cannot be holy and witty at y^e same time, that does not hold good with nobler spiritts. . . . If it did, they had best never be witty at all. Thy brother Jack hath yet to learn that strength is not coarseness."

Ned softly hummed—

Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child!

"Ah! you may quote me against myself," says father—"you may quote Beza against Beza, and Erasmus against Erasmus; but that will not shake the eternal laws of purity and truth. But, mind you, Ned, never did anie reach a more lofty or tragic height than this child of fancy; never did any represent nature more purely to the life; and e'en where the polishments of art are most wanting in him, he pleaseth with a certain wild and native elegance."

"And what have you now in hand, uncle?" Ned asks.

"Firmianus Chlorus," says father. "But I don't find much in him."

"I mean, what of your own?"

"Oh!" laughing; "things in heaven, Ned, and things on earth, and things under the earth. The old story, whereof you have already seen many parcels; but, you know, my vein ne'er flows so happily as from y^e autumnal to the vernal equinox. Howbeit, there is something in the quality of this air would arouse the old man of Chios himself."

"Sure," cries Ned, "you have less need than any blind man to complayn, since you have but closed your eyes on earth to look on heaven."

Father paused; then, stedfastly, in words I've since sett down, said:—

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul, more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies—"God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best

Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
They also serve who only stand and wait."

. . . . We were all quiet enough for a while after this. . . . Ned onlie breathing hard, and squeezing father's hand. At length, mother calls from the house—"Who will come in to strawberries and cream?"

"Ah!" says father, "that is not an ill call. And when we have discussed our neat repast, thou, Ned, shalt touch the theorbo, and let us hear thy balmy voice. Time was, when thou didst sing like a young chorister."

Anne told me, at bed-time, of the journey down. The coach, she said, was most uncomfortable, mother having so over-stuffed it. For her share, she had a knife-box under her feet, a plate-basket at her back, a bird-cage hobbing over her head, and a lapfull of crockery-ware. Providentially, Betty turned squeamish, and could not ride inside, so she was put upon the box, to the great comfort of all within. Father, at the outset, was chafed and captious, but soon settled down, improved the circumstances of the times, made jokes on mother, recalled old journeys to Buckinghamshire, and, finally, set himself to silent self-communion, with a pensive smile on his face, which, as Anne said, let her know well enow what he was about. Arrived at Chalfont, her first care was to make him comfortable; while mother, Mary and Betty, were turning the house upside down; and in this her care, she so well succeeded, that, to her dismay, he bade her take pen and ink, and commenced dictating to her as composedly as if they were in Bunhill Fields. This was somewhat inopportune, for everything was to seek and to set in order, and, indeed, mother soon came in, all of a heat, and said, "I wonder, my dear, you can keep Nan here, at such idling, when she has her bed to make, and her box to unpack." Father let her go without a word, and sate in peacefull cogitation all the rest of the evening—the only person at leisure in the house. Howbeit, the next time he heard mother chiding—which was after supper—at Anne, for trying to catch a bat, which was a creature she longed to look at narrowly, he said—"My dear, we should be very cautious how we cut off another person's pleasures. 'Tis an easy thing to say to them, 'You are wrong, or foolish,' and soe check them in their pursuit; but what have we to give them that will compensate for it? How many harmless refreshments and refuges from sick or tired thought may thus be destroyed! We may deprive the spider of his web, and the robin of his nest, but can never repair the damage to them. Let us live, and let live; leave me to hunt my butterfly, and Anne to catch her bat."

. . . . Just as we were returning to the house, Mary ran forth, crying—"Oh, Deb! you have not yet seen our cow. She has just been milked, and is being turned out, even now, to the pasture.

See, there she is; but all the others have gone out of sight, over the hill."

Mother observed—"Left to herself she will go, her own calf speedily seeking."

"My dear," says father, "that's a hexameter; do try to make another."

"Indeed, Mr. Milton, I know nothing of hexameters, or hexagons either; 'tis enough for me to keep all strait and tight. Let's to supper."

Anne had crushed his strawberries, and mixed them with cream, and now she put his spoon into his hand, saying, in jest, "Father, this is angels' food, you know. I have pressed the meat from many a berry, and tempered dulcet creams."

"Hush, you rogue!" says he; "Ned will find us out."

"Is uncle still at his great work?" whispers cousin to mother.

"Indeed, I know not if you call it such," she replies, in y^e same undertone. "He hath given over all those grand things with hard names, that used to make him so notable abroad, and so esteemed by his own party at home; and now only amuses himself by making the Bible a peg to hang his idleness upon."

Sure, what a look Ned gave her! Fearfullest father s^d overhear, (for blindness quickens y^e other senses,) he runs up to the book-shelf, and cries—"Why, uncle, you have brought down plenty of entertainment with you! Here are Plato, Xenophon, and Sallust, Homer and Euripides, Dante and Petrarch, Chaucer and Spenser, . . . and . . . oh, oh! you read plays sometimes, though you were so hard upon Shakspeare.

. . . Here's 'La Scena Tragica d'Adamo ed Eva,' dedicated to the Duchess of Mantua."

"Come away from that corner, Ned," says father; "there's a rat behind the books; he will bite your fingers—I hear him scratching now. You had best attack your strawberries."

"I think this sort will preserve well," says mother. "Betty, in lighting from the coach, must needs sett her foot on the only pot of preserve I had left; which she had stuffed under the seat, instead of carrying it, as she was bidden, in her hand."

"How fine it is, though," says father, laughing, "to peacock it in a coach now and then! Pavoneggiarsi in un cocchio! Only, except for the bravery of it, I doubt if little Deb were not better off on her pillion. I remember, on my road to Paris, the bottom of the caroché fell out; and there sat I, with Hubert, who was my attendant, with our feet dangling through. Even the grave Grotius laughed at the accident."

"Was Grotius grave?" says Ned.

"Believe me, he was," says father. "He had had enough to make him so. One feels taller in the consciousness of having known such a man. He was great in practical things; he was also a profound scholar, though he made out the fourth kingdom in Daniel's prophecy to be the kingdoms of the Lagidæ and the Seleucidæ; which, you know, Ned, could not possibly be."

Chatting thus of this and that, we idled over supper, had some musick, and went to bed. And soe much for the only guest we are like to have for some months.

AN ARAB ENTERTAINMENT.—A huge wooden bowl, some two feet in diameter, and full of boiled rice, was placed in the middle of the street; a crowd of Arabs immediately squatted round, all plunging in their hands at once, and licking their fingers with monstrous delight. The mess vanished rapidly, every one who passed was invited to partake, and some good-natured fellows seized an old blind man and threw him grinning with delight over the heads of those who surrounded the basin, in order that he might get a handful; women were stopped, and, as they could not eat at once on account of their veils, had their hands filled; one soon contrived to swallow her portion, and I saw her go away wiping her finger against the wall; children while on the shoulders of others came for their portion. All this was the work of about three minutes, when the crowd began to disperse. One man, however, probably a late comer, snatched up the bowl, under pretence of washing it from a water-skin, on a camel's back hard by, and began to scrape it round and round, and lick his fingers with delight. Presently a couple of women joined him, and they squatted down round it, poured more water in, swilled the sides, and washed down the remaining grains of rice which they scooped up and devoured. When these had done, yet another hungry one appeared, and, seizing the bowl, rubbed it as if he wanted to melt the sides, poured in a little water, rubbed again, and succeeded in producing a pale fluid. Then he took up the enormous vessel in his two hands, and seemed to enjoy

the draught extremely. I afterwards learned that this was a gift to the poor on the occasion either of a marriage, a circumcision, or a death.—*Two Years in a Levantine Family.*

The Course of Creation. By JOHN ANDERSON, D. D., Minister of Newburgh. London: Longman and Co. 1850.

The worthy minister of Newburgh has digested, into a novel and very attractive form, the results of his geological studies. Between the Grampians and the Alps, the leading strata of our globe are embraced; and in describing the vast district that lies between those mountain chains, Dr. Anderson gives, in fact, a popular exposition of the leading phenomena of geology. The doctor's religious studies have led him in an especial manner to face the objections taken to geological research, on the ground of modern discoveries tending to militate against the scientific correctness of the creation as described in Holy Writ. In this portion of his work the author has been especially happy. The professional tone of thought and form of expression, that hardly befits graphic descriptions of the wonders of creation, is peculiarly adapted to the enforcing of those religious truths which these facts, if rightly viewed, support and confirm, and to combating the insidious attacks of those who would gladly make science the enemy and not the handmaid of religion.—*Britannia.*

PHANTASIES OF WALPURGIS NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

THE TEMPTER.

It was at Prague, a considerable distance from home, that I was once detained during April by business of importance. I might, perhaps, have found plenty of entertainment there if I had been disposed to enter into the amusements of the place. All my thoughts, however, were centred upon my distant home.

From my earliest years I have ever been fondly attached to my native town. It had become doubly dear to me from the time my wife had inhabited it. She was there at the time I speak of, and our separation had then lasted for a longer period than upon any other occasion since our marriage.

To be sure, we corresponded regularly: but my Fanny's letters, overflowing with tenderness and affection, served but to increase my impatience at our separation, till I wished Prague and St. Nepomuk were many miles to the N.E. of me.

The reader can conceive how heartily I thanked Heaven when my business was at last settled. I paid farewell visits to the few friends and acquaintance I had in Prague, and bade my host be ready with his bill, as I intended to start next day by the mail.

On the following morning, accordingly, he waited upon me very deferentially with an account of most portentous length. As I had not change about me enough to meet his charges I felt for my pocket-book, with the intention of cashing a note. To my horror the book was gone! I searched high and low, in every pocket, hole and corner. It was all to no purpose. My anxiety may be conceived when I mention that the missing pocket-book, besides Fanny's letters, contained no less than two thousand dollars in notes, a sum which I could ill afford to lose.

It was no use to turn the room topsy-turvy—the pocket-book had disappeared.

Was it stolen or lost? I had it in my hands the day before. I generally carried it in the breast-pocket of my coat. I could n't help thinking that I had felt it safe as I undressed to go to bed on the previous night. How to recover my precious papers was the question. If they had fallen into bad hands, they might be converted into silver or gold at a moment's notice. In the extremity of my distress, I could not help swearing—a most unusual thing with me. Oh, thought I, would that that the devil prowled about as in the good old days of yore; I'd make a bargain with him on the spot. As I thought this, my mind involuntarily reverted to a figure I had met with in a billiard-room, some days before, in a closely-buttoned, tightly-fitting red surtout, and which I set down at the time as belonging to some potentate of hell, who had for some mysterious purposes assumed a human form for the time being. A cold shudder thrilled through me; and yet, in the extremity of my despair, I thought—and what if he were? he should be welcome, if he would but restore my pocket-book.

A knock at the door interrupted my semi-invocation. Aha, thought I, does the tempter mean to turn jest into earnest? I run to the door, my head so full of the red surtout, that I verily expected to see its bearer walk in. And behold, wonderful to relate, as I opened the door, who should enter,

with a slight inclination of the head, but the tempter in person, on whom my thoughts had been dwelling.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

I must now explain how, and under what circumstances, I became acquainted with the apparition in question. At one of the tables in a coffee-house, where I happened to be one evening, were two persons deeply absorbed in a game of chess. Some young men, seated at the window, were engaged in animated discussion on the theory of spirits and the human soul. An elderly man of diminutive stature, clad in a scarlet surtout, was pacing up and down the room, with his hands crossed behind his back. I called for some refreshment and took up a paper.

There was something about the mysterious man, as he strode to and fro, which irresistibly attracted my attention, to the exclusion of politics and all other current topics. Singular as was his choice of attire, his whole appearance was more striking and singular still. His features were repulsive and yet most remarkable; although below the common height, his shoulders were broad and his frame well knit. He appeared to be from fifty to sixty years of age, and had the stooping gait characteristic of that time of life. His hair was coal-black and bristly. There was something *uncanny* and repulsive in his sallow face, his high cheek-bones, and hooked nose; and whilst every feature was cold, imperturbable, his large bright eye gleamed with a strange fire that it was difficult to attribute to any ordinary human thought or passion. He may be, thought I, an hereditary headsman, a grand inquisitor, a brigand chief, or king of the gypsies. From sheer caprice and wantonness, that man would fire a whole town, and impale infants on his lance. Right sorry should I be to meet him in a wood. Of a surety he never smiled in all his life.

There I was wrong. The man stopped to listen to the conversation alluded to, and laughed several times as it proceeded. But, gracious heavens, what a laugh it was! It fairly made me shudder. His features appeared animated with a fiendish glee. Well, thought I, if that being in the red coat be not the devil himself, he is next of kin to him. I involuntarily cast my eyes upon his feet, expecting to find them cloven; and though one certainly was made much as those of ordinary mortals, the other was clubbed, and confined in a lace-up boot. But he was not lame; on the contrary, he stepped as gingerly as though the floor were paved with egg-shells.

As he of the flame-colored garment passed the table where the players sat at chess, one of them triumphantly observed to his adversary, "You are lost beyond all hope."

Redcoat paused as he spoke, cast an eagle glance on the chess-board, and said to the self-complacent speaker, "Wrong; three moves more, and you are mate."

The victor smiled blandly; his hard-pressed adversary shook his head, and moved; the third move, and his exulting foe was defeated.

Whilst the players were disposing themselves to renew the strife, one of the young men at the window observed somewhat warmly to Redcoat, "I infer, from your smile, that you entertain contrary opinions with regard to the nature of the world and the Godhead. Have you read Schelling?"

"Certainly," said Redcoat.

"And what means your smile? Your Schelling is one of your subtle poets, who look upon the phantasies of their brain as facts, because there is none to contradict them. It's the old story; the blind are discussing colors, and the deaf criticize sounds."

So said Redcoat. His words provoked discussion; but, without mingling further in the argument, he took up his hat, and glided from the room.

Since then I had not seen him, although I never forgot his remarkable figure, with his fiendish features, and was in constant dread of their haunting my dreams. And now, when least expected, I found myself closeted in the same room with him.

TEMPTATION.

"Pardon my intrusion; have I the honor to address Mr. ———?"

"The same," was my reply.

"What proofs have you of your identity?"

A singular question, thought I; the man is, no doubt, a spy of the police. An open letter lay before me. I took it up, and pointed to the address on the envelope.

"So far, so good; but yours is a very common name. I want more conclusive testimony. I may have to do business with you."

"Excuse me, sir, I am on the point of setting out on a journey; besides, you are mistaken in your man. I am neither merchant nor government official."

He looked at me for some time with evident surprise, and seemed as though about to take his departure; at length he observed, "Business, however, has detained you at Prague. Is not your brother on the verge of bankruptcy?"

The blood rushed to my face; for this, I had imagined, was a secret known to myself and my brother only. "You are again mistaken, sir. True, I have a brother, and more than one; but none of them are in the predicament to which you allude."

"Indeed!" muttered the tempter, incredulously.

"Sir," I returned with some warmth, for I was distressed to think that any one in Prague should be aware of my brother's circumstances, "you have hit upon the wrong person. Excuse me if I beg you to explain your business at once. I have not a moment to lose."

"A minute's patience, I beseech you. I have an object in speaking with you. You appear ill at ease; has anything unpleasant occurred? I am not a native of Prague, and have not visited it for twelve years. Are you in want of money?"

As he spoke, the same smile, or rather grin, of fiendish malignity passed over his features. I mistrusted him more and more. My eyes fell by chance on his club foot, and I own to having worked myself up to a most uncomfortable pitch of superstition. I replied, however, that I was in no need of money; but that, as he appeared so friendly towards me, I should like to know his name.

"It will avail you but little to hear it; however, I am a Mandevil."

At this moment the door opened, and the landlord handed me a letter.

"Read your letter before we resume our conversation; no doubt it is from your dear Fanny."

I was more puzzled than ever.

"Well, have you any further doubts as to who I am, and the nature of my business with you?"

I felt half inclined to say—"Sir, I have not the slightest particle of doubt as to your personal identity with Satan himself, and anxious, accordingly, to make a bid for my unhappy soul;" but I resisted the impulse, and was silent.

"Moreover," he continued, "you are starting for Eger. My route takes me thither. Will you accept a seat in my carriage?"

I thanked him for his offer, but told him I had already ordered horses for myself.

This seemed to disconcert him, for he said—"How difficult it is to deal with you! I have set my heart upon making the acquaintance of your Fanny and children. Cannot you guess who I am? Do speak, in the Devil's name. Sir, I am really most anxious to oblige you."

"Well, then," quoth I, "if you be a sorcerer, my pocket-book is all safe; tell me how to recover it."

"Pooh! never mind your pocket-book; is there nothing else?"

"But I do mind my pocket-book; it was full of valuable and important papers. Tell me what I am to do if it be lost, or what steps to take supposing it to be stolen."

"What sort of pocket-book was it?"

I described it.

"Well, we'll see what is to be done. What return will you make me if I cause it to be restored to you?"

And he fixed his eye upon me as though to extort the words—"My soul shall be yours;" but as I stood silent and bewildered, he put his hand in his pocket and produced the missing book.

"How on earth did you come by it?" I exclaimed, as I ascertained that the contents were untouched.

"I found it at four o'clock yesterday upon the bridge." [I now remembered to have taken it out at that very time and place.] "I examined the contents in order to ascertain to whom it belonged. I thus discovered your name and address, and I called on you last night to restore it."

I could almost have hugged my Mandevil in the plenitude of my joy. He would not listen to my thanks, but coolly said, as he closed the door behind him, "My compliments to the fair Fanny, and a happy journey to you. We shall meet again."

HOME.

During the whole of my journey I could not prevent my thoughts from reverting to the mysterious stranger. I recalled his demoniac laugh, his deformed foot, his swarthy hair clustering about his temples as though to conceal the horn that would have revealed his secret to the sons of men, and I firmly convinced myself of his identity with the Evil One. He had certainly behaved very handsomely in the matter of the pocket-book, but might not that have been, after all, but a snare to entrap my soul!

I bewildered myself in thinking of possible temptations. I thought of ambition, of wealth, of woman's beauty. But pooh! what had I to do with beauties! Was not my own sweet Fanny all in all to me? As the reader may conjecture, I was endowed with a tolerable degree of imagination, and I may as well admit at once that at an earlier period of my life, ere I knew my Fanny, I fancied myself most desperately enamored of a certain Julia. Her parents, however, would not consent to our union, and she subsequently became the bride

of a wealthy Polish noble. Of course we cried, kissed, and vowed eternal fidelity, and, as generally happens in such cases, both got married forthwith.

Amidst all these fancies and reflections I entered my native town as the church clock was striking one. All was hushed in slumber. Unwilling to disturb my family at so late an hour, I resolved to pass the night at the inn, but I could not resist the temptation of strolling out to contemplate by moonlight that beloved home where, wrapped in sleep, lay all that was dear to me.

THE FATAL MEETING.

Not a soul was stirring. Fortunately, the summer-house was open. I entered; and saw by sundry little indications that Fanny and the children had but recently occupied it. I threw myself at length upon the sofa, and determined to pass the night there. I had scarcely closed my eyes, when I was aroused by a noise at the door of the summer-house. I sat up; and imagine my astonishment at beholding my friend of the red coat!

"Whence come you, in Heaven's name?" I asked.

"From Prague. I leave this within the hour. Hearing you had but just arrived, I thought, of course, that you would be still astir, and that I would pay you and your Fanny a passing visit. You must not sleep here, the damp will injure your health."

As I quitted the garden with him, I could not help saying, "You have scared me as though I had beheld an apparition; I tremble in every limb. What induced you to seek me in the summer-house? You seem to know everything."

Fiendish was his smile as he murmured, "Know you me now, and what I would of you?"

"No better than I did at Prague; but I must tell you the impression you then made upon me. I trust you will not take offence; but I fancied either that you held communion with spirits or were the Devil himself."

Again that sardonic smile. "Now, merely for the sake of the joke, assuming me to be the latter, are you disposed to do a little business with me?"

"You must bid high if you hope to win me, for really, Sir Devil—pardon my jest in so terming you—nothing can augment the happiness of my present lot."

"Ho! ho!" laughed he; "that was all well enough in the olden times, when folks still had some faith in the Devil's existence, and so kept wary watch over their silly souls; then one was fain to come to terms with them. Cheap enough are they now-a-days; the sons of clay, little reck they of the Devil; their sole reliance is on pure reason."

"I hold myself at a higher rate; and albeit, I regard Beelzebub as an old wife's story; still better worth is a grain of reason than the strongest conviction of the powers of hell."

"Spoken with all the pride of sorry mortals; suffer me to use the language of the personage I represent. Your arrogant self-reliance brings more recruits to the gates of hell than would a swarm of fiends despatched to tempt you. The best among your scurvy crew is he who has met but the fewest opportunities to sin."

"Spoken right fiendlike!" I exclaimed.

"Of a verity," answered he of the flame-colored doublet, smiling his horrid smile; "but it is the truth I speak, though all your faith in truth be

gone. You are, in truth, already mine. Grant me but a single hair, and your head is no more your own; but the air is chilly—my carriage waits—I must hence."

I accompanied him to the inn, at the door of which stood his carriage; he begged me to enter the house, and partake of some punch he had ordered. I willingly complied, as the night air had rendered such beverage highly acceptable.

TEMPTATION.

The punch sent forth its grateful odor as we entered the room. We soon applied ourselves to it, and discussed a variety of topics over our glasses. At length my companion departed; and as I felt no inclination to return to the summer-house, ordered a bed at the inn. On my return to the coffee room I perceived a lady. As she turned towards me I almost lost possession of my senses. It was Julia, my first love, who, as I afterwards learned, was there with her husband, on their way to Italy.

"Gracious Heaven!" she cried, "is it you, Robert?"

I could but stammer "Julia!" in reply.

"We have much to say to each other, Robert. Follow me to my room."

Once there, and my heart, my soul, were all hers again. She was not happy, she said: her husband was harsh and stern with her. Did I remember our former vows, our last farewell, our parting kiss? Forgive me, my Fanny; how frail and weak is man. Julia's lips met mine once more. The door was flung suddenly open, and a tall, gaunt stranger entered abruptly, exclaiming, "Whom have you with you at this hour, Julia?"

We started up. Before us stood her husband, his face livid as a corpse, and unable to articulate a word. With three strides he was at Julia's side. He caught her by her long auburn hair, and dashed her to the ground, exclaiming, "False, worthless woman!"

I sprang to her assistance. He struck me so violent a blow as I advanced that I staggered back and fell. As I rose he still continued his frantic treatment of his wife, and yelled, as he turned towards me, "You will I strangle with my own hands!"

In the agony of the moment I caught up a knife from the table, and threatened to plunge it into his body if he stirred; but he rushed upon me, and seized me by the neck with so vice-like a grasp that I felt I was losing consciousness. With the instinct of self-preservation, I thrust at him with the knife; he fell. He was stabbed to the heart.

Julia was moaning over the body of her slaughtered lord, whilst I stood motionless and thunder-struck. Oh, thought I, would it were all a dream, and that I was once more on my sofa in the summer-house! Accursed be the red-coat; accursed the pocket-book! My children, my own dear injured Fanny, I am a murderer! Meanwhile, the alarm had been given, and I heard the sound of approaching steps and voices. Flight was my sole resource. I snatched up a light, and rushed from the house.

THE CROWNING HORRORS.

I felt that I was pursued, and, hopeless of reaching the street, I dashed across the yard, and made for a barn, behind which were fields, on the outskirts of the town. My pursuers gained on me apace, and as I neared the barn I felt myself seized by the coat. Nerved by despair, I dashed aside

the hand that clutched me, and thrust the light I bore into the stack of straw before me. High rose the flames; and in the confusion that followed I effected my escape into the fields. Onwards, ever onwards, I hurried desperately, over height and hollow, over brake and bush. Was it a dream? Alas! my bloody hands bore witness too truly to the frightful reality. My strength forsook me; panting and exhausted I sank at the foot of a tree. What means that glare? why peal those bells? I looked around; the town was in flames—mine was the hand that had fired it.

Forsworn, a murderer and an incendiary, and all within one short hour! Thou saidst well, fiend, the best among us is he who has met with fewest inducements to sin. Louder and louder pealed the bells, and I was about to resume my flight, when it suddenly occurred to me that this was the 1st of May, and my Fanny's birth-day. Well had I ushered it in, forsooth! Moreover, it was Walpurgis Night, when demons are said to hold their revels upon earth.

CAIN.

I paused for breath, and took hurried counsel with myself. I raised my hand to my brow, it was still bedaubed with blood. Away with these polluted garments, thought I, as I discarded coat and vest, and concealed them in the wood. None but the maniac or the murderer travels in this guise. I must do battle with some peasant for his jerkin—lie hid by day, and journey by night; food too, I require, and money. And I now recollected that my pocket-book was in the coat I had deposited in the wood. What was to be done? Not for worlds would I have looked again on the blood of the murdered man, or behold, through the opening trees, the red glare on the horizon. Suddenly there approached, at a sober pace, a handsome travelling-carriage, drawn by two horses, and driven by a man, who, with a quantity of luggage, was its only occupant. As he was about to pass me, the traveller drew up, alighted from his carriage, inspected it most minutely on every side, and then quitted the road and walked a little distance into the wood.

Were mine yon carriage, it were well with me, thought I. Means of escape—money, clothes, all within my grasp; I may yet be saved.

'T was done as quick as thought. One spring, and I was in the seat. I seized the reins, and was turning the horses' heads in the opposite direction, when their rightful owner issued from the wood and attempted to arrest their progress. I lashed them furiously; they reared and started at full speed forwards, freeing themselves from their master's hold, who fell at their feet. The carriage passed over his body. He shouted for help. His voice pierced to my very marrow; it was the voice of one I well knew and loved. Could I believe my ears? I pulled up and stretched forth my neck to catch a glimpse of his face. It was my brother's.

I threw myself upon his body; life was not yet extinct. I raised him; I called on him; but he heard me not, he recognized me not; his head drooped, all was over. Again were my hands imbrued in blood.

REMORSE.

As I pressed my lips to my brother's lifeless brow, I heard voices in the wood. Ere I was aware of what I meditated, I found myself in the thickest of the wood, having abandoned corpse and carriage to

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their fate. The sun was high in the heavens, the fatal Walpurgis Night was over. Morning beheld me bereft of home and hope. The curse of Cain was upon me. Visions of the headsman and his axe, the gibbet and the wheel, flitted before me. Was an existence such as mine worth the struggle to save? Should my own hand?—but no, I would deliver myself into the hands of justice.

Now that I had settled upon the course to adopt, I became somewhat more calm. I rose and prosecuted my route. I had lost all traces of the track I was to follow; no matter—sooner or later, my object would be attained.

THE TEMPTER.

I held my course, until a turning in the road disclosed to me an overturned carriage lying along it, and at its side, who, to my horror or my delight, but—the well-known redcoat!

On perceiving me he grinned after his wont, saying, "Welcome; I thought we should meet again. Here have I remained the whole night. I despatched my postilion to the town in search of assistance, and he has not yet returned."

"They need assistance more than you here," was my reply, "the whole town is in flames."

"I guessed as much from the appearance of the sky. But what brings you here in the wood; why are you not lending a helping hand yonder?"

"Save me. I am steeped to the neck in crime. Since we last met, three short hours have sufficed to render me a perjured husband, a cut-throat and an incendiary, a highway robber, aye, and a fratricide; and yet, believe me if you will, I am at heart an upright man."

The redcoat stamped furiously with his misshapen limb as I spoke. "Know you me now," he cried in a terrible voice, "and what I would with you?" he at length exclaimed.

"My soul, you would my soul; for now do I begin to believe you are in very earnest he whom I deemed you in Prague during my happier hours."

"Whom deemed you me then?"

"The Evil One."

"Bow down, then, and worship me," burst he forth in tones that curdled my very blood.

I knelt before him in an agony of despair; with clasped hands I besought him to save me. and my innocent wife and babes.

As I thus besought him, his outstretched foot (*that foot!*) spurned me, as I lay grovelling in the dust before him. I arose, and renewed my entreaties. His voice withered my soul, as he exclaimed; "Behold the mortal, in all the power and pride of his reason! Lest his measure of iniquity should not be full, lo, he crowns it all by falling at the feet of Satan!"

"I know thee now, Satan, and thy wiles," I cried, "and I defy thee: for I feel that my soul can yet be saved: penitence and prayer may yet avail."

Harsh and contemptuous was his stern reply: "No, sir, I am no evil spirit: but a man like yourself. From a criminal, you have become a madman—no uncommon phase in the chapter of crime. I despise you, nor, were it in my power, would I stretch forth my hand to help you. What care I for your soul? it is already ripe for hell. Satan would hold it dear at the meanest coin!"

HOPE.

Speechless and shame-stricken stood I before him; at length I mustered sufficient courage to address him once more.

"Would you were he for whom I took you. If you save me not, I am lost. Save me! But for you, and all this had never been. Who broke in upon my slumbers? Who made me wander forth in the night?"

"Aye, aye, 't is always so; man ever seeks to shift his burden upon another, even though that burden be his brother's blood. True, I awoke you; but say, was it I who awoke within you your slumbering lust for guilt! As well may the midnight assassin impute his crimes to him who forged his sword."

"But why enact the fiend! why tell me that, once to yield a hair, was to peril one's head?"

"Was I mistaken? Who better knows it than myself! I craved no hair; of your own free will you tendered it. Had you resisted the first impulse, had you called reflection and religion to your aid, all had been well. Forget not that the first light and idle thought to which we give way is the one single hair within the clutches of the fiend. You exulted in your imagined virtue, you gloried in your hitherto unblemished career, but the germs of vice were quickening within you; they awaited but the first opportunity to become matured."

"I see and own it all; but save me, save me, the moments are precious; save me, and I sin no more."

"I hope to save you, but you must aid me to do so. *Know you me now, and what I would of you?*"

"You are my preserver, my guardian angel!"

"Not in vain was my appearance in your garden, or the warning I gave you; but be of good cheer, he who has faith has all."

I AM SAVED.

As he uttered the last words, I sank fainting upon the ground. It was long ere I returned to consciousness; as I reopened my eyes, bewildered by the glare of the noon-day sun, I saw the old man bending over me; the harsh expression of his countenance was gone. Benevolence seemed painted on every feature. I looked wildly and vaguely on him. There was a confused din in my ears, as of the distant peal of bells, the rustling of the wind among the trees, or the far-off roar of some mountain torrent. I had lost all power of volition, and again I relapsed into a state of insensibility. At length I rallied sufficiently to inquire where I was, and what had happened. The old man was still bending over me: there was pity, hope, encouragement, in those eyes I had erst judged so ill.

"Thou art saved," he whispered in soft and soothing tones. "Fear not; weak wert thou, and infirm of purpose. Demean thyself henceforth as a man—but, remember, human being never save I twice."

Again I sunk down in a kind of stupor, and was aroused by feeling the pressure of some invisible lips upon mine.

THE NEW WORLD.

That kiss restored me to earth, and now I discovered that my eyes still remained closed. I started from the hard, cold couch whereon I lay, and beheld my own Fanny bending over me. Her kiss it was that had dispelled that fearful trance: my children clung about me, whilst Fanny rebuked me gently for having passed the night in that chilly summer-house. Had it not been for the arrival of

my servant, she assured me that no one would have suspected my return.

"And has Christopher but just returned from the inn?" I inquired; "did he pass the night there?"

"Why, you strange man, of course he did; and said that such were your orders. But why on earth pass the night on this dreary sofa! why not wake us up?"

How relieved I felt! "And so you passed an undisturbed, quiet night?"

"Only too quiet, since I little dreamt that you were so near me. Don't you know that it was Walpurgis Night, when evil spirits and goblins are abroad?"

"Too well I know it!" I exclaimed, rubbing my eyes, and overjoyed to find, as I clasped my Fanny to my heart, that our roof was still standing, and our little town as peaceful as ever. I told my dream to Fanny. She laughed heartily.

TEMPTATION AND THE TEMPTER.

It seemed as though my Walpurgis eve adventures were not yet terminated. As I have before said, it was my wife's birthday, and some friends had been invited in honor of the occasion.

As we were placing ourselves at the table, the servant informed me that a strange gentleman, a Baron Mandevil, desired to speak with me. Fanny observed me start as the name was announced. "Never mind the tempter," said she, "as long as the temptation is absent; and never mind the temptation as long as I am present."

I repaired to the summer-house, where I had passed the preceding night, and there, upon the very identical sofa that I had occupied, sat the red-coat of Prague himself. He rose and greeted me as though we were old friends, saying, "I am as good as my word, you see. Do not be jealous; I am determined to make your charming Fanny's acquaintance; moreover, I bring two guests with me, my brother and his wife. I believe you have met my sister-in-law before."

I was expressing my satisfaction at his visit, when in came a stout, burly gentleman, upon whose arm was leaning a lady in a travelling-dress. Imagine my surprise—it was Julia. I of course conducted my guests into the drawing-room.

The baron made my wife the most flattering speeches as I introduced him to her.

"I lost my heart to you at Prague," he said, "upon reading all those pretty little secrets in your letter."

"I know all about it," retorted Fanny. "However, we have fourteen hundred dollars to set against your knowledge of our secrets; but you are a very bad man, nevertheless, for you have made my husband pass a most wretched night."

"It is not over yet," said I, advancing towards Fanny, and introducing Julia to her. I could perceive that Fanny was somewhat taken aback; however, the wit that never deserts womankind soon came to her assistance, and she gave Julia a most hearty welcome. Ten minutes afterwards, and you might have sworn that they had been friends from infancy.

I learned from Julia, as we walked in the garden after dinner, that she was very happy, and much attached to her worthy husband. She felt all a daughter's affection for her brother-in-law, who, as she told me, after having been a great traveller, had now settled down at Posen, where he possessed a small estate, and passed his time between agri-

culture and literary pursuits. She spoke of him with the greatest enthusiasm, and maintained that he had not his equal upon earth. I mentally resolved to reform my physiognomical theory.

"But why did you address that mysterious phrase to me at Prague, 'Do you know me now, and what I would with you?'" I inquired of the worthy red-coat; "it took the deepest hold on me, and influenced my dreams in the most unaccountable manner."

"Why, of course, I wanted to give you a hint that I had found your pocket-book. I did not say so at once, as I wanted to learn from you such par-

ticulars as would have convinced me that you were its lawful owner. But you looked at me so suspiciously, and demeaned yourself so strangely, that I began to have my doubts."

I now related my story to him. "Walpurgis Night forever!" cried he. "Your story is as good as a moral, philosophical, and psychological essay. I am glad, however, that I turned out to be an angel of light after all, or the story would have told sadly against me."

I never slept from home again on Walpurgis Night.

SLAVE CASE IN CALIFORNIA.—The proceedings of our courts the past week have afforded unusual interest. Charles, a colored man, claimed as a slave of Lyndal Hayes, was brought before Judge Thomas on a writ of habeas corpus, and discharged, the judge maintaining that, under the constitution of the state and under the Mexican laws previously existing, he had no right to detain him. We shall give the opinion of the court at length, and the history of this highly important trial, on another occasion. The man Charles was again brought up on Friday for breach of the peace, in having made an assault upon said Hayes, and for unlawful resistance to the sheriff and officers arresting him. Mr. Hayes deposed that the prisoner drew a knife upon him, against which he defended himself; that the knife was accidentally dropped, when the prisoner took to flight, Hayes in pursuit. A third party, a gentleman, then came up, struck the fugitive with a stick, and "addled" him; Sheriff McKinney appeared at this time, with officer Tutt, who took the prisoner in charge.

Other witnesses were examined, but nothing material was elicited. The defence offered very little testimony, and that bearing upon the circumstances of the arrest and resistance of the prisoner. The arguments used by the defendant's counsel were, 1st, that the sheriff had no warrant, and was not authorized to make the arrest without one; 2d, that no breach of the peace was committed at the time of the arrest, nor in presence of the sheriff; 3d, that the prisoner Charles, having been declared a freeman by the decision of our courts, was justified in the resistance he offered to Lyndal Hayes' attempt to capture him.

Numerous authorities were cited by Counsellor Zabriskie to sustain these and the collateral positions affecting the case. This gentleman adhered closely to the legal aspect of the question, and did not respond to the irrelevant, diffuse, and personal harangue which was permitted to succeed him. In consideration of the peculiar circumstances of the case, and the great interest manifested by the crowded assemblage which had been drawn together, the court allowed a liberal latitude of discussion. Justice Sacket promptly discharged the prisoner; the position taken by the defence being fully supported by the witnesses, and thoroughly sustained by the direct bearing of the authorities.—*San Francisco Herald*, June 1st.

THE FARELLONS.—The excursion to these islands by the pilot boat Rialto, on Thursday last, seems to have been a most pleasing occasion. These islands are about twenty-five miles out from the harbor, and are apparently formed by a vol-

canic upheaval from the bed of the ocean. The largest one contains about twenty acres. It was once occupied by the Russians, whose tenements are yet there in an almost perfect state. The visitors found the place occupied by myriads of sea-fowls of every known kind, and some with which they were unacquainted; among other strange birds, they describe the web-footed parrot, which has the outlines of a parrot with the foot of a water-fowl.

The most wonderful occupants there are the kings of beasts—the sea-lions. These animals have congregated there to the number of thousands.

They are of the largest class of four-footed beasts, weighing between two and three thousand pounds! They have the resemblance of a lion in conformation, including the mane, and roar in a similar manner, but much louder. When the party landed, these animals seemed to be curious to observe the intruders, and were rather more familiar than their appearance would seem to desire. On being approached most of them took to the water; several of them, however, turned and appeared ready to wait for combat.

This seems to be a spot where they congregate to rear their young, as over two hundred helpless cubs (if they can be so called) were there left to the tender mercies of the invaders. This was the apparent reason of their roaring and of other actions expressing great solicitude. Three or four of the old ones were shot, after some difficulty, for their large bodies could only be penetrated by the largest sized balls. Some trophies were brought home worthy of notice, which, with a full account of the voyage, we are promised.

We are glad to learn that the party annexed these Islands to the United States, as the first of a series in the Pacific Ocean.—*Pacific News*, June 1st.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S FORTUNE.—The visit of MM. Guizot, Duchatel and Damon to Louis Philippe, has given rise to the report that the reconciliation of the two branches of the house of Bourbon is nearly complete, and that the distinction between Legitimist and Orleanist is henceforth to cease. It appears, however, that both the Duchess of Orleans and the Prince of Joinville continue their opposition to the reconciliation. It is said that Louis Philippe's fortune is divided by his will among his children and grand-children, in eight equal parts, and that the share of each will be 500,000*l.* (20,000*l.*) per annum; so that Louis Philippe's private fortune, notwithstanding the great depreciation within the last two years, amounts to 160,000*l.* sterling a year.—*Morning Chronicle*.

From Chambers' Journal.

OUR OLD DRESSMAKER.

"This will never do, my dear," said my aunt, ruefully, as she pondered over a long account just come in, being the sum expended in the making of my first "evening dress." "Sixteen shillings! in addition to the materials! These London dressmakers are ruinous. We must find some one to work in the house, as did Lydia Jones." And my poor aunt, newly imported from the country, sighed while she fastened my pretty dress—called frock now no more; for it marked my passing into the charmed regions of young ladyhood. I loved it, the pretty pale silk, of simple yet graceful fashion, which did duty as a "best dress" for more time than richer maidens would care to confess. The poor old thing! I found a fragment of it the other day, and sighed, remembering the scenes where it had been, and the girlish bosom which beneath its folds had learned to throb with deeper pulses than those of pleasure at a new silk dress.

My aunt's lamentations that night brought forth their fruits. "Letty," said she, on our next lincndrapery investment, "I have found a dressmaker, to work as Lydia did, for eighteenpence a day. You can help her, my dear, as you used to help Lydia. Women can never learn too much regarding the use of their fingers."

I acquiesced, for I had a fancy, indeed quite a genius, that way, I believe; only I always wished to make the dresses on artistic rather than fashionable principles, and I began to fear the London workwoman would not coincide with my vagaries so readily as quiet Lydia in the country. So I rather dreaded the advent of the new dressmaker.

"Who is she, and when does she come, aunt?"

"Her name is Miss Hilton, and she comes to-morrow. Now, my dear, go to your practising."

I did go—but, with the curiosity of fifteen, I did not cease to speculate on the young workwoman. In fact, I confess to having bestirred my lazy self half an hour earlier on the following morning, in honor of her coming, which, in our quiet life, was quite an event.

It was, I remember, one of the wettest of all wet September days. Still, at half past eight, A. M., there faithfully appeared "our dressmaker." Little cause had I to be alarmed at her—a poor, pale thing, who, when she had taken off her damp shawl—I recollect inwardly wondering at her folly in putting on such a thin one—sat down very quiet and demure, and ate her breakfast in silent respect.

I was a shy girl, a *very* shy girl; but I believe my good feeling so far conquered my timidity as to make me inquire if Miss Hilton would not take off her wet shoes, and have a pair of slippers; and then meeting my aunt's eye, I subsided in fearful blushes, lest I had taken too much notice of "the dressmaker."

We got on very well together, Miss Hilton and I, when the work began. She took the patterns skilfully, and yielded to all my little peculiarities about grace and beauty in costume. Moreover, she did not treat me as a child, but as a "young lady;" and when, with great dignity, I sat down to assist her in making the skirt of my aunt's new dress, Miss Hilton still kept a respectful silence, which soothed my pride, and won my favor amazingly.

Now I was a most romantic young damsel, and knew nothing of the world except from books, of which I had read an infinity, good, bad, and indif-

ferent. So, regarding my companion—with her small, neat figure, her face of that sort not properly termed good-looking, but yet decidedly *looking good*—I began to take a liking for her very soon, and ventured a few questions.

"Had she come far that wet morning?"

"Only about two miles."

"She must have risen early then?"

"Yes, about five: she had had to finish a dress before she came."

What a life! To rise at five, work till eight, walk two miles through those muddy lanes, (we lived a short distance out of London,) and then begin and work again! I said nothing, but I thought much; and I remember the next time Miss Hilton stood cutting out, I had the sense to place a chair for her. This she acknowledged with a faint blush, which made me think of the sweetest ideal of all young dressmakers—Miss Mitford's "Olive Hathaway."

My dressmaker was no ideal—I do not mean to set her up as one. She was merely a gentle, modest, quiet young woman, who worked slowly, though carefully, and who for the first day did not seem to have an idea beyond her needle and thread. The next, I found she had.

I, always an odd sort of girl, happened just then to be wild about a new hobby—phrenology. Now Miss Hilton had a remarkably-shaped forehead, and I never rested until I brought the plaster mapped-out head, and compared her bumps therewith; upon which she smiled, and becoming conversational, seemed to wish to learn something about the new science. So I, forgetting my shyness, and my pride of caste, began seriously to inform the mind of our new dressmaker.

I found she *had* a mind, and some graceful taste withal, whereupon I valorously undertook my "mission." I indulged her with my juvenile notions on art and literature, and while she developed the skill of my fingers, I tried to expand her dormant intellect. Poor, simple soul! I do believe she enjoyed it all sitting working at my open window, with the vine-leaves peeping in, I dilating the while upon innumerable subjects, which doubtless had never before entered her mind. Among these were the country and its beauties. One day some fortunate chance had brought me a nosegay of fox-gloves, and showing them to her, I found, to my intense pity, that my young Londoner did not even know their name!

"What! Had she never seen wild flowers? Had she never been in the country?"

"O yes, she had once lived for six months in a guard-ship off Woolwich, where she had seen the country on the river banks, and her little sisters had sometimes brought home handfuls of daisies from the parks! But for herself, she had worked ever since she could remember; and except the six months in the ship, had never lived anywhere but at Chelsea!"

To me, how dreary seemed such an existence! To stitch—stitch—stitch one's days away; never to read a book, or walk in a country field, or even to know the name of a wild flower! Perhaps, in my deep pity, I overlooked the fact, that one rarely misses pleasures never known; yet still my feelings were strongly excited for poor Mary Hilton. I did not like her the less for learning that her Christian name was that sweet one—Mary. And when all the work was done, and I began to wear the new dresses we had together fabricated, I often thought of the pale, quiet little thing, and hoped

that wherever she was "working out," it was with no harder task-mistresses than my good aunt and I.

When we sent for Miss Hilton again it was a sudden call—to make mourning. The lost relative was one too aged and too distant to occasion me much grief, yet I remember the very fact of our sitting sewing black dresses caused our talk to be rather grave; and then the dressmaker told me of a brother—the only one she ever had—who died of consumption; and how she used to sit by him at night, and go out working in the day—towards the last hurrying home so fast lest "anything might have happened" (that painful gloss we shrinkingly cast over the cold word death) while she was away. How, at the end, it was as she feared. She was working with a lady, who kept her late to finish—just to sew on a few trimmings and hooks and eyes—a mere half hour's work. But she was that one half hour *too late*, and never again saw her living brother!

"It was a chance—a mere chance," she said; "the lady was not to blame." And sighing, though without tears—she seemed too quiet for that—the little dressmaker went on with her work again.

We could not finish the mourning in time: it was my fault, I fear, inasmuch as I had invented a fantastic trimming which cost a world of trouble to make, to which poor Miss Hilton submitted with infinite patience. She only asked if she might bring her sister to help her, whereto my aunt graciously assented. But I—always shy of strangers—found great discomfort in the plan. Moreover, the sister's name was Caroline, and I had a girlish prejudice—I have it still—against all Carolines. Miss Caroline Hilton was the exact image of my abhorrence—pretty, vain, talkative—the very type of the worst class of London dressmakers. My aristocratic pride rebelled against her forwardness; I ceased to work in the room; in fact, from the moment she came, I—to travestie irreverently a line from the grandest modern poet—

Shrank into myself and was missing ever after.

Only I made my aunt promise that never again should Miss Caroline darken our doors.

It seems to me, jotting down this sketch at random, that there are in it many lines and touches which belong not alone to the portrait of our dressmaker. Well, let it be so.

When Mary Hilton came to us again it was in the winter-time. She looked, as ever, pale, and was still prone to silence; but there was a greater air of content about her, which spoke of improved fortunes. And, in making our engagements with her, it came out accidentally that her hands were full of profitable occupation. Among her new "ladies," I remember, were the juvenile scions of a ducal household, wherein she used to be employed for weeks together. Now I was a simpleton in those days; I had a romantic reverence for rank—not vulgar curiosity, but an ideal homage—and greatly did I delight in hearing about the little noblewomen; and Mary Hilton seemed to like telling, not pompously, but simply, how Lady Alice was a beautiful child, and Lady Mary was rather cross, and Baby Lady Blanche was the sweetest little fairy in the world, and would come and talk with "the dressmaker" as much as ever she was allowed. Many visions I mentally had of the lordly household, where the chief filial duty was the privilege of entering carefully dressed with the dessert, and where mamma was not mamma at all, but "the

duchess." How time passes! The other day I saw in the paper the marriage of the "beautiful and accomplished Lady Blanche H——." I thought of "Baby Lady Blanche," then of poor Mary Hilton, and sighed.

Our dressmaker worked blithely through the short winter day, and even when night closed, she seemed in no hurry to go home. About nine o'clock there came up to our workroom a message that some one had called to fetch Miss Hilton: "A young man," explained the domestic, hesitating, I suppose, whether she should or should not say "gentleman."

"I am really quite glad. I did not like your walking through those dark lanes alone," said I with infinite relief; and then added in extreme simplicity, "I thought you had no brother now?"

"It is—not my brother," murmured our dressmaker, blushing, but faintly, for even the quick blood of youth seemed to creep languidly beneath her constant pallor. I was a child—a very child *then*. I don't believe I had ever thought of love or lovers—that is, in real life; but some instinct made me cease to question the young woman. Likewise, instead of descending with her, I staid up stairs; so that she met her friend alone. But I remember opening the blind a little way, and watching two dark figures passing down the snowy lane—watching them, and thinking strange thoughts. It seemed as if a new page were half opening in life's book.

It *had* opened; and with eyes light-blinded I had begun to read—for myself, and not for another—before I again saw my little dressmaker.

My aunt and I had changed our abode to the very heart of London, and Mary Hilton had to come to us through four miles of weary streets. I think she would scarcely have done it for gain: it must have been from positive regard for her old customers. She looked much as usual—a little paler perhaps; and she had a slight cough, which I was sorry to hear had lasted some time. But she worked just as well, and just as patiently; and when at nine o'clock came the knock at the door, her smile, though half concealed, was quite pleasant to see.

I am getting an old woman now, but to this day I incline to love two people who love one another. I do not mind what their rank in life may be: true love is the same in all ranks; and I honestly believe there was true love between my little dressmaker and her Daniel Ray. A respectable, worthy young man was Daniel, as my good and prudent aunt took care to discover. I, in my simple, girlish way, discovered much more. Little did Mary Hilton talk about it; but from her disjointed words I learned that theirs was a long engagement—that Daniel was assistant in a china-shop; that they were waiting, perhaps might have to wait for years, until he could afford to rent a little shop of his own, where she would carry on the dressmaking in the floor above. Meanwhile she at least was quite content; for he came to tea to her father's every Sunday, and in the week day, wherever she worked, he always fetched her—saw her safe home to Chelsea, and walked back to the city again. Honest, unselfish, faithful lover! Poor Mary Hilton! She, in her humble way, had great happiness—the only happiness which fills a woman's heart.

But one night she had to go home without Daniel Ray. He was in the potteries, she said, on business; and the poor little thing seemed grieved and trembling when she started to walk home alone,

and at night. She scarce minded the bright, cheerful streets, she said; but she did not like to pass through the lonely squares. The next evening she begged permission to leave by daylight; and at last, with much hesitation, confessed that she had been spoken to by some rude man, and had hurried on past her strength, until, reaching home, she fainted. And then, in my inmost heart, I drew a parallel between myself—a young lady, tenderly guarded, never suffered to cross the threshold alone—and this young person, exposed, without consideration, to any annoyance or danger. The lesson was not lost upon me. All my life, as far as my power went, I have taken care that, whatever her station, a woman should be treated as a woman.

For a week Mary Hilton worked for us, coming and returning each night, walking the whole way, I believe—though I never thought about it then, I have since; and the heedlessness of girlhood has risen up before me as the veriest hard-heartedness. My aunt, too—but she had many things to occupy her mind, and to her, Mary Hilton was only “the dressmaker.” Doubtless we did but as others did, and the young woman expected no more. For I remember, the last night she looked so pale and wearied, that my aunt gave her at supper a glass of wine, and putting into her hand two shillings, instead of the usual eighteenpence, told her to have an omnibus ride home. And then Mary Hilton blushed and resisted, but finally took the sixpence with a look of such thankfulness! Poor thing!

The next time we wrote for our dressmaker, there came, not gentle little Mary Hilton, but the obnoxious Caroline. Her sister was in ill health, she said, and had been obliged to give up working out, but would make the dress at home, if we liked. It was settled so, only we premised that Mary must come to us to try it on. She came one evening, accompanied by Daniel Ray. For this she faintly apologized, saying, “he never would let her go out alone now.” Whereat my aunt looked pleased; and when she quitted the room, I heard her go into the hall and speak in her own kindly tones to honest Daniel.

Mary Hilton tried on my dress, but seemed scarcely able to stand the while. I remembered this afterwards, not then, for I was thinking of my pretty dress, and whether I would look well in it. At that time how I longed to make myself fair! Poor fool! but it was not for vanity, God knows! However, it will not do to ponder on these things now. I did not forget to put my usual question to Mary—how she was prospering in the world; and whether there was any near chance of the little china-shop, with “Mrs. Ray, dressmaker,” on the first floor! She smiled hopefully, and said something about “the spring,” and “when her health was better;” and in a very shy and timid way she hinted that, if we wanted bonnets or millinery, there was a sister of Daniel’s lately established in the next street—a sister always dependent on him till now. Faithfully I promised to give our small custom to Miss Ray; and so, looking quite happy, our little dressmaker descended. I am glad I saw that happy look—I am glad I noticed the perfect content with which the little delicate thing walked away slowly, leaning on her faithful Daniel. Othwise, in my after pity, I might have thought life’s burthen heavy, and its fates unequal. But it is not so.

Soon after, my aunt wanted a winter bonnet, and I proposed to visit Miss Ray. “Certainly, my dear Letty,” was the contented acquiescence.

So we went, and found there a sharp-featured, Frenchified young milliner, the very antipodes of Daniel. During the trying on I inquired after Miss Hilton.

“Very ill, miss—confined to the house—consumption, I think. But would n’t a paler blue suit your complexion best?”

I laid down my ribbons, startled and distressed.

“Poor Miss Hilton!” said my compassionate aunt. “I thought she would die of consumption—so many dressmakers do. But how does your brother bear it?”

“As well as he can, ma’am. It was a foolish thing from the beginning,” added the milliner sharply, her natural manner getting the better of her politeness. “The Hiltons are all consumptive, and Daniel knew it. But I beg your pardon, ma’am; perhaps you will try on this shape!”

I turned away, feeling very sorrowful. My first intent was to ask my aunt to let me go and see poor Mary Hilton; but when one is young, one sometimes feels ashamed even of a good impulse which might be termed romantic; and I was so mocked for my romance already. I planned various schemes to fulfil and yet disguise my purpose; but somehow they all faded away. And then my own life was so tremblingly full, so rich in youth’s dreams, that out of it the remembrance of the poor dressmaker soon melted like a cloud.

Late in April—I know it was April—I wanted a new bonnet. It must be a pretty and becoming one—I was wildly anxious about that—one that hid the faults of my poor face, and set off to advantage any single beauty that Heaven had given it. At Miss Ray’s I tried on bonnet after bonnet, examined myself eagerly yet tremblingly in all, tried to gain a clear, unbiassed notion of what my poor self was like, and at each look felt my cheek changing and my heart throbbing.

“Letty, my dear!”—

My aunt coming forward, after a confabulation with Miss Ray, roused me from what might have seemed a reverie of girlish vanity; and was—no matter what it was.

“Letty, you will be sorry to hear that poor Mary Hilton”—

Mary Hilton! For weeks she had not crossed my thought; nay, not even now, so full was I of anxiety about my new bonnet.

“Poor Mary Hilton died last week!”

It came upon me like a shock—a pang—a sense of the end that must come to life, and all life’s dreams. I—walking in the dazzling light of mine—felt a coldness creep over me; a sting, too, of self-reproach and shame. I laid down the pretty bonnet, and thought, almost with tears, of the poor little dressmaker, who would never work for me any more—of her hard toils ended, her humble love-dream closed, her life’s brief story told, and all passed into silence!

Then I thought of the poor faithful lover; I could not ask after him—but my aunt did.

“Daniel bears it pretty well,” answered the sister, looking grave, and shedding one little tear. It must be a hard woman indeed who does not show some feeling when brought into immediate contact with death. “He was with her till the last; she died holding his hand.”

“Poor thing—poor thing!” murmured my tender-hearted aunt.

“Yes, she was a good little creature, was Mary Hilton; but as for the rest of the family, they were nothing over-good—not fit for my brother

Daniel," said the young woman rather proudly. "Perhaps it was all for the best. He will get over it in time."

So doubtless he did; possibly the humble little creature who loved him, and died thus loving, might even have wished it so. Every unselfish woman would. But I never heard what became of Daniel Ray, for my aunt and I soon after vanished from London; and when we returned, our milliner had vanished too. Mary Hilton, and all memories belonging to her, were thus swept utterly away into the chambers of the past—my girlish past.

But, the other day, finding an old, many years' old dress, one whose veriest fragments I could kiss and weep over, I remembered, among other things, who it was that had then fashioned it; and looking on the careful stitches, thought of the poor fingers now only dust. And a great sense came over me of the nothingness of all things, and of our need to do good in the daytime, because of the quick-coming night "wherein no man can work."

My lady readers—my "lilies that neither toil nor spin"—show womanly tenderness to those who do toil and spin for your pleasure or profit; and if you are disposed to be harsh, thoughtless, or exacting, think of this simple sketch from actual life of Our Old Dressmaker

From the Ladies' Companion.

AN IDEAL WOMAN.

THE Marquis de Croixmare was generally acknowledged to be one of the most fascinating men of rank who frequented the *côterie* of Grimm, Diderot, and Baron d'Holbach in the last century. Without being either young or handsome, he exercised a singular power of seduction on all those who came within his sphere. The ease and elegance of his bearing, the courteousness and delicacy of his address, the vivacity of his wit, and, above all, the rare goodness of his heart, united to a flow of feeling which he vainly strove to conceal, had won him the epithet of *Le Charmant*.

He had little or none of the philosophic intolerance of the period; his indulgence towards every sincere feeling, however much it might differ from his own opinions, was proverbial; above all he delighted in originality; probably, because he was himself one of the most original, as well as agreeable, men of his time. His ideas on the subject of women were said to be somewhat peculiar; but he was chary of manifesting them. It was seldom that even his most intimate friends could induce him to reveal his real *façon de penser* on that delicate subject; he heard them with a quiet smile; turned off the conversation with a jest or a repartee, and remained impenetrable. No conclusions could be drawn from his behavior towards the ladies whom he knew; he was the friend of all; the lover of none—sometimes, indeed, amongst the numerous women whom he daily met in the elegant and polished society of the times, one seemed to excite his interest, and draw his attention more than the rest; for a few days, for a week, perhaps even for a month, the marquis became her devoted slave; his friends could no longer see him, or when they did see him, could get nothing from him save brief and evasive replies; he had vanished from the dinners of Baron d'Holbach, and was not to be found at the suppers of Madame d'Epinay, who, according to

the witty Sidney Smith, sinned and supped so agreeably.

Whilst the fit was on him, remonstrances availed not with the fascinated marquis; when it was over, he returned to his friends and previous habits, bore with perfect good humor the pleasantries to which his brief passion exposed him, but gave no explanation of his conduct, which appeared the more enigmatical, from the object of his choice being generally the plainest and least attractive woman of his acquaintance. What charm had drawn him towards her no one knew or suspected; not even the lady herself; still less could any one tell why that charm had ceased so suddenly. But it was apparent that these disappointments, which became less frequent as he advanced in life, were nevertheless painful to the Marquis de Croixmare; he himself was the first to jest about them; but the jest was bitter; the mirth came not from the heart. Madame d'Epinay saw, and said, truly, that he was not happy.

His friend Diderot, who entertained some very peculiar opinions on the nature and character of women, was extremely desirous of knowing what the marquis really thought on the subject. He sounded him in the most adroit manner; but his efforts remained fruitless, until he one evening at length succeeded in ascertaining the truth. The Marquis Diderot, Grimm the heavy German, the little Italian Abbé Galiani, were with several others at Baron d'Holbach's; dinner was over; the servants had left the room; the conversation was unrestrained; women formed the topic of discourse; and as the feminine element had never found much favor in this learned *côterie*, the ladies were treated with little gallantry or tenderness. Diderot had been declaiming one of his long and eloquent tirades; the lively little abbé, who sat near him, was going to reply, and contradict, as was his wont, for the pure pleasure of contradicting, but the philosopher laid his hand on the arm of his friend, and gently checked him; he had noticed the evident impatience of the Marquis de Croixmare whilst he spoke, and wished to hear his answer.

"You are mistaken, Diderot," said he, with some warmth; "allow me to say so. All women are not as you represent them."

"Where are the exceptions?" asked Diderot.

"They exist," pertinaciously asserted the marquis.

"What! there exist women who are not vain, light, frivolous, and inconstant, and who at the same time—for this is the great point—possess with those negative virtues attractions so great, a charm so deep, that the man who loves them once must love forever! You say, Croixmare, that there are such women?"

"I say it."

"Then, why," triumphantly exclaimed Diderot, "why did not you, who are always in love with some woman or other, why did not you remain faithful to at least one of these paragon women?"

"Alas!" sorrowfully replied the marquis, "because I have never met with one like her yet."

Every one smiled at the apparent contradiction—he continued, without heeding this.

"That we have not met, is assuredly no fault of mine. Heaven alone knows with what unwearied patience I have sought her. I asked not for superhuman beauty, or impossible virtues; I limited my desires to that which was attainable, and yet I have never found her. I have seen beautiful women, but they were not lovely; witty

women, but they were too clever to have a heart; good women, but they were too virtuous to condescend to be amiable. Often did I think that in one of the many women I have met, I could detect something that reminded me of my ideal. A little countess fascinated me a whole week, with the softest and most silvery voice I had ever heard; until I unfortunately discovered that the soft voice would say such harsh, unkind things, that the charm was at once broken. Another kept me bound by her eyes; they were not brilliant or dazzling; far from it, but they had the most bewitching expression mortal eyes ever had; though I could not detect anything else worthy of admiration about her, I thought 'with a glance so charming, there must be a soul.' I was younger then than I am now; and having more time to spare, I gave her three months on the faith of her eyes. Alas! it was all time lost. I will not weary you by repeating every deception of the same nature which it has been my lot to experience. I know that I have been thought fickle and frivolous, when I was simply seeking for that which I have never yet found."

"Then you agree with me, after all," quickly said Diderot.

"No; is it because I have not yet met her whom I seek that I should deny her existence! Mademoiselle de la Vallière was such a woman as would have charmed me completely; but she unfortunately died before I was born; the Circassian Aïssé also died when I was a child, and, to carry the matter further back, Heloise, the tender, impassioned maiden of whom Abelard was never worthy, but whom I could have loved, died several hundred years ago."

"Perhaps you met your ideal without recognizing her," phlegmatically said Grimm.

The marquis shook his head incredulously.

"Impossible; I would have known her without even seeing her; as we recognize the unseen flower by its pure fragrance."

"The marquis may find his flower yet," ironically said the little abbé.

"I am too old now," replied the marquis, with a quiet smile, that showed he was not unconscious of the secret ridicule in which his sceptical friends held his romantic fancies; "the woman I could have striven for and loved like a knight of old, has never come across my path. She may be wrinkled and gray-headed now, a venerable grandmother for aught I know; or, worse still, she was perhaps born only the other day, to bloom in all the grace of womanhood when I am in the grave."

There was a brief silence; then the conversation changed; no more was said about the ideal woman of the Marquis de Croixmare; but every one noticed with what deep attention Diderot had listened to his friend's remarks.

Six months had elapsed. Spring, summer, and autumn had faded away; it was winter once more. The marquis had returned from his seat in Normandy. One of the first to visit him at his hotel in Paris was Diderot, who came with a large bundle of papers under his arm; the MS. of a novel he wished to show his friend. There was something hesitating and embarrassed in his manner as he said so. He moved restlessly on his seat, and giving the marquis an anxious look, asked several times if he was quite well.

"Quite well," answered the nobleman, in a low tone; but he was reclining back in his chair with

something like languor; he looked pale, and there was a thoughtful sadness on his brow and in his glance which evidently disturbed his friend. "Well," he continued, in a more cheerful voice, "what novel have you been elaborating whilst I was away? What is it about? What is the title?" He took a listening and an interested attitude as he spoke.

But Diderot seemed in no hurry. "It was only a novel," he said; and again he turned the conversation on his friend's health.

"I can see you are not well, Croixmare," said he, very seriously; "you have had some sorrow, some affliction."

"Perhaps I have," replied the marquis, after a pause, "but it is little use thinking of that now. Read me a few pages; it will do me more good than all the reasonings of philosophy. What you have written must, I know, be touching."

Diderot looked down, hung his head, untied the tape that bound the MS., then suddenly pausing in the task, he observed, abruptly,

"Croixmare, open your heart to me; it is best; I may be able to say something to soothe you."

The marquis looked up with a melancholy smile. "Can you recall the dead to life?" he asked.

"No; but I may, perhaps, console the living."

The marquis hesitated; but he at length took a sudden decision, drew his chair closer to that of Diderot, and eying him fixedly, said, in a wholly altered tone—

"Be it so; you shall know all; but first tell me if you recollect that conversation about women which we had at d'Holbach's!" Diderot made a sign of assent. "Then, I suppose you also remember that I said then there was a woman I had sought for my whole lifetime, and never found: do not look incredulous, Diderot—I have found her. I was at my seat in Normandy the spring before last, when a very sad story came to my knowledge. A young lady, related, it is said, to a high and influential family, but I do not know and have never known her name, had been compelled by her relatives to take the vows in a provincial convent, in order that her property might revert to an elder brother. After being three years a nun, she rebelled under the iniquitous captivity to which she was condemned, and solemnly protested against her vows. I confess that, without having ever seen her, I nevertheless took a deep interest in the fate of *Sœur Sainte-Geneviève*. I solicited in her favor all the Councillors of the Great Chamber of the Parliament of Paris, but the influence of her family prevailed over mine; the nun lost her cause; her vows were adjudged valid. I grieved for the unhappy girl; I imagined her sorrow; I saw her pining youth, beauty, and life away in the cheerless convent cell; for many a day did the thought of her haunt my mind; but we are weak in our best feelings; her image faded away from me, and I had well nigh forgotten her, when I received an unexpected communication from her in the early part of last spring. She had escaped, she was free, and she wrote to tell me of her freedom—to bless me for having thought of her in her misery. The letter, written in a most delicate and elegant female hand, was simple, beautiful, and touching. It affected me greatly. I answered her speedily, directing my reply to the place she had designated; not her real abode, which the poor, persecuted victim was not free to reveal. It was not long ere I heard from her again; from that time we corresponded constantly, until six weeks past. Diderot,

I know you are a professed sceptic; an atheist who will acknowledge the divine in nothing, not even in woman; yet you must believe me when I tell you that this woman was the mysterious and charming ideal I had sought for through so many years, and still sought in vain. Was she beautiful to the outward eye? I neither care nor know, for I never beheld her; but I feel in my heart that around her lingered the loveliness which is not of form or feature. Yet to me she was no abstraction; I have imagined her many a time; at twilight it often seemed as if she glided into the room with soft footsteps and paused before me, eying me with a sad yet gentle glance; and as she stood there in that religious habit which had cost her so dear—the dark robe sweeping the earth, the white veil shading a brow on which premature sorrows had left their trace, the clasped hands scarcely seen for the loose falling sleeves—I thought of the noble-hearted and hapless *Heloïsa*. At other times the picture changed; I beheld her free, wearing the garments of freedom, and looking in them no longer as a pale victim of the cloister, but as a delightful vision of this earth; as a being to worship and love. I saw her gentle countenance turned gratefully towards me; I heard her soft, low voice—the most delightful gift of woman, because it is hers so peculiarly—thanking him who had, alas! been so powerless in her cause. O, *Diderot*! that woman had a heart and a soul such as few women possess. Some day I may show you her letters; all that can be imagined of fervent eloquence, of pure and delicate feeling, lies enshrined in them. But can I ever tell you how these letters acted on me! They wrapped me in a divine dream, which seemed almost too intoxicating to be real. It was so long since I had given up all hope, since I had resigned myself to the belief that, though the woman I longed for might exist, Providence had destined her to some happier man. But she—and for this will I ever bless her memory—she showed me that my ideal could be found; she justified my patient faith, and, bitter as the ending of it all has proved, I cannot regret that this vision, lovely, though alas! so brief, should have crossed my barren and solitary path."

"And what was the ending of it all?" asked *Diderot*, in a low tone.

"She died," sadly replied his friend. "The last letter I received was in a strange, unknown handwriting; her health had long been failing; soon after her escape she sank into a state of languor, from which she rallied no more. She passed away from life cheerful and resigned; for death, as she said, delivered from all tyrants; yet even then she did not forget me, and my name blended in the last prayer that lingered on her lips."

The Marquis de Broixmare was evidently affected. It was some time before *Diderot* spoke; he then endeavored to prove to his friend that the death of the poor nun was indeed a deliverance. "Be reasonable," he urged, "and only ask yourself to what this passion could ever have led you!"

"To nothing in your sense of the word, *Diderot*, for she was as pure as she was unhappy. But do you not understand the exquisite delight I should have found in shedding a gleam of joy, howsoever tardy, over an existence so prematurely blighted? As soon as I could have won her consent I would have found her a retreat so secure that the most jealous inquisitor could never have detected it, and so delightful that it would have charmed away all

her sorrows; my only privilege should have been to see her occasionally, to converse with her, to receive her dear letters; more than this I should not have asked."

"You would not have been happy," urged *Diderot*; "you would have become more and more enamored every day, whilst she would not have cared for you."

The marquis colored slightly, and his fine eyes took a singular expression of joy blending with sorrow.

"*Diderot*," said he gravely, "you judge her as you judge other women; how often must I tell you that she resembled none; that she was unique in the fervor of her heart, in the elevation of her soul! She would not have looked at the years which have left their trace on my brow; she would have looked at my heart, where all the warmth of youth still lingers; a warmth that for her would have kindled into fervent adoration. She would have loved me; indeed—why should I not tell you the truth!—she loved me!"

"She did!" exclaimed *Diderot*, staring at him with evident amazement, "you do not mean to say she ever told you so?"

"What woman ever does tell it!" said the marquis with a mournful smile; "and yet what man that is loved fails to see it? Yes, *Diderot*; I know that such were her feelings, I know it from those artless letters, in which she poured forth her innocent heart; but, alas! when I rejoiced most in this delightful consciousness, Death stepped in and showed me that though such women exist, they only pass and do not linger on earth."

The marquis spoke in a sorrowful tone, yet with this sorrow there evidently blended that strange pleasure which sorrow can yield when its source is pure and not tainted by an unworthy feeling. But *Diderot* looked flushed and perturbed; indeed, there was so much agitation in his whole manner, that the marquis could not but notice it.

"*Diderot*," said he kindly, "I did not think you would sympathize so sincerely with my sorrow; but do not yield to your feelings; I have opened my heart to you, and it has relieved me; let us now speak on some less painful subject, your novel, for instance; what is the subject and title?"

But *Diderot*, instead of complying with an author's alacrity, tied up the MS. in great haste, looked at the clock, protested he had an appointment which had wholly escaped his memory, and precipitately left the room, to the great astonishment of the Marquis de Croixmare, who, accustomed as he was to his friend's oddities, could not divine the meaning of this strange conduct.

In the course of the afternoon a servant brought up a note, which the Marquis de Croixmare read several times over, as if unable to believe its contents, and every time he read it his face assumed a more mournful and perturbed expression; after the last perusal he paced the drawing-room for a whole quarter of an hour with deep and evident agitation. The note which affected him so much was from *Diderot*, and ran thus:—

"Croixmare, you must forgive me; you have much to forgive. I have used you ill, but, believe me, I never imagined this was a subject on which you could feel so deeply. Alas! my friend, you have been grossly deceived; your ideal woman is an ideal still. You have loved a phantom; you mourn for a being as unreal as the dream that has haunted your whole existence. *Sœur Sainte-Geneviève* is indeed no dream; she exists, I confess

it, but, alas! the nun is still in her cell; she who escaped, who died, who has troubled your heart, and whose memory troubles it still, is, and has always been, the creation of my brain. The interest I knew you had taken in this unhappy recluse, the way in which you spoke of that ideal woman you ever sought in vain, first gave me the idea of what I now feel to have been a very cruel jest. My poor Croixmare, it was I who composed those letters, and my daughter who wrote them. You must think me heartless and unfeeling, and yet, though I began in order to prove to you the falsehood of your ideal, it was a strange and very different feeling that led me on. That imaginary and persecuted nun took on my imagination a hold almost as strong as that she had taken on your heart. I pitied her sorrows, I revered her character; she haunted me day and night. But your answers showed me the nature of the feeling you felt for her; I became alarmed and put an end to this brief romance—you know how. Yet I did not suspect the strength and depth of your regrets; when I called to read to you my romance of the 'Nun,' I only thought of the surprise with which you would hear those letters you had formerly

received from the Sœur Sainte Geneviève now read to you by your friend Diderot. Thus you see that I was right, that your ideal woman was only a dream; but be comforted, my friend, the letters you have read are nothing to those that follow; if you have been so moved by the first, what will you feel on reading the rest?"

But the charm was broken for the poor Marquis de Croixmare; his ideal was gone; it had returned to the land of dreams. What did he care for Diderot's "Nun?" He would not read or hear of her; he forgave the author; more he could not do. He never found his ideal woman; whether he continued to seek for her was always a subject of doubt. He never spoke of her or of his painful disappointments; he had seen the use to which authors and wits turned such confidences; the gentle experiments they made; the ideal beings they portrayed from the unsatisfied longings of a human heart. For such is the singular, yet strictly true origin of Diderot's romance of the "Nun;" a book now little read, and which, according to authorities not over nice, had better never be perused.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MEMORIAL VERSES.

APRIL 27, 1850.

GOETHE in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.
But one such death remained to come.
The last poetic voice is dumb.
We stand to-day at Wordsworth's tomb.

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bowed our heads and held our breath.
He taught us little; but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll.
With shivering heart the strife he saw
Of Passion with eternal law,
And yet with reverential awe
We watched the fount of fiery life
Which flowed for that Titanic strife.

When Goethe passed away, he said—
"Sunk then, is Europe's sagest head.
Physician of the iron age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage."
He took the suffering human race,
He scanned each wound, each weakness, near,
And struck his finger on the place,
And said, "Thou aildest here, and here."
He looked on Europe's dying hour,
Of fitful dream and feverish power,
His eyes plunged down the seething strife,
The turmoil of expiring life:
He said, "The end is everywhere;
Art still has truth; take refuge there!"
And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness.

And Wordsworth! Ah, pale Ghosts rejoice!
For never has such soothing voice

Been to your shadowy world conveyed
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades and the mournful gloom.

Wordsworth is gone from us—and Ye,
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we!
He too upon a wintry clime
Was fallen, on the iron time.
He found us when the age had bound
Our spirits in a brazen round:
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
He tore us from the prison-cell
Of festering thoughts and personal fears,
Where we had long been doomed to dwell.
He laid us, as we lay at birth,
On the cool flowery lap of Earth:
Smiles broke from us, and we had ease.
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sunlit fields again:
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain:
Our youth came back; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits deep-crushed, and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.

Ah! since dark days still bring to light
Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
Time may restore us, in its course,
Goethe's sage mind, and Byron's force;
But where shall Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
Others will teach us how to dare,
And against fear our breast to steel;
Others will strengthen us to bear—
But who, ah who, will make us feel?
The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
O Rotha, with thy living wave.
Sing him thy best; for few or none
Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.—CAPT. STANSBURY'S RECONNAISSANCE.

AFTER an interval of six months, during which the party were completely isolated by the impenetrable snows of the surrounding mountains, intelligence has at length been received from Capt. Stansbury, of the Topographical Engineer Corps, who is engaged in an examination of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, and a hydrographic survey of that singular sheet of water. The last previous news of the whereabouts of his party was dated in October last. The present despatches come down to as late as the 16th of March. Capt. Stansbury says:

The winter season here has been long and very severe, commencing about the middle of November. To-day (February 26) the mountains are white with snow, and in many of the cañons (pronounced "kanyons") it is upwards of fifty feet deep reaching to the tops of the tallest trees. Although only in the latitude of 40° 43', it has more than equalled in severity the winter of last year in Philadelphia, which was an unusual one, and it is even now quite uncertain when it will terminate.

Again, he says, writing on the 16th of March:

The mountain passes are fuller of snow than ever. Yesterday morning we found that five inches of snow had fallen during the night, and last night nearly as much. This is on the plains; in the mountains the fall is from four to six times greater, the condensation of the atmospheric vapor being there much more rapid and complete. At this moment, while the sun is shining brightly on the plains, it is snowing furiously among the peaks. * * *

After completing the reconnaissance of Cache Valley, we returned to our camp on the Bear river. When Col. Porter returned to his post, the provision train was despatched down the east shore of the Salt Lake, under Lieut. Howland, of the Rifles, with orders to report to Lieut. Gunnison, whilst I, accompanied by Dr. Blake, with a party of four men and sixteen mules, addressed myself to make the tour around the western side of the lake. This trip was, by many of the old mountaineers, considered rather hazardous, especially at that late season of the year. Many of them had tried it, but none had ever succeeded in achieving it. The country was represented to be barren in the extreme, and almost, if not entirely, destitute of fresh water. In addition to which, some disturbances and ill feeling had taken place between the whites and the Snake or Shoshonee Indians, arising out of a gross outrage which had been wantonly inflicted upon the latter by a band of unprincipled emigrants, in which several of their men were killed and women violated and murdered. I was determined, however, to proceed; and, having provided ourselves with some India rubber bags for "packing" water in case of necessity, on the 19th of October we commenced our journey. We were also provided with one soldiers' tent and one wall tent fly, for protection from rains; but they were of little use, as but in one or two instances *could poles be procured* for stretching them, so utterly destitute of timber was the region through which we passed. The journey occupied us until the 8th of November.

We found that the whole western shore of the lake consists of immense level plains of soft mud, inaccessible within many miles of the water's edge to the feet of mules or horses, being traversed frequently by meandering rills of salt and sulphur water, which apparently sink and seem to imbue and saturate the whole soil, rendering it miry and treacherous. These plains are but little elevated above the present level of the lake, and have, without doubt, at one time, not very long since, formed a part of it; for it is evident that a rise of but a few inches will at once cover the greater portion of these extensive areas of land with water again. I do not think I hazard much by saying that a rise of one foot in the lake would nearly if not quite double its present area.

The plains are, for the most part, entirely denuded of vegetation, excepting occasional patches of *Artemesia* and "grease-wood," and they glitter in the sun-light, presenting the appearance of water so perfectly that it is almost impossible for one to convince himself that he is not on the immediate shore of the lake itself. This is owing to the crystallization of minute portions of salt on the surface of the mud, and the oozy slime occasioned by the complete saturation of the soil with moisture. From this cause, also, arises a *mirage*, which is greater here than I ever witnessed elsewhere; distorting objects in the most grotesque manner, and giving rise to optical illusions almost beyond belief. I anticipate serious annoyance from this cause, in making the triangulation.

In an estimated distance of one hundred and fifty miles, on one part of the route, fresh water and grass were found *only in one spot*, about midway of this stretch, and we were obliged to subsist our animals, that is, to keep life in them, by serving them out a pint of water each, night and morning, taken from the India-rubber bags packed upon their backs. The first part of this desert was about seventy-five miles in extent, and occupied us two days and a half to cross it, travelling all day, and the greater part of the night; walking a great portion of the way to relieve the mules, which began to sink under the want of sustenance and water.

In the latter portion of this first desert we crossed a *field of solid salt*, which lay encrusted upon the level mud plain, so thick that it bore up the mules loaded with their packs so perfectly that they walked upon it as if it had been a sheet of solid ice, slightly covered with snow. The whole plain was as level as a floor. We estimated this field to be at the least ten miles in length, by seven in width, and the thickness of the salt at from one half to three quarters of an inch. A strip of some three miles in width had been previously crossed, but it was not thick, nor hard enough to prevent the animals from sinking through it into the mud at every step. The salt in the solid field was perfectly crystallized, and where it had not become mixed with the soil was as white and fine as the best specimens of *salina table salt*. Some of it was collected and preserved.

After crossing the field of salt we struck upon a fine little stream of running water, with plenty of grass, lying at the foot of a range of mountains, which seemed to form the western boundary of the immediate valley of the lake. Here we were obliged to halt for three days to give our animals an opportunity to recruit. The latter part of the desert was about seventy miles in extent, and was passed in two days, by prolonging our marches far into the night. Had we not found grass and water

midway of this barren waste, both animals and men must have perished.

We were, as I have every reason to believe, the first party of white men that ever succeeded in making the entire circuit of the lake by land. I have understood that it was once circumnavigated by canoes, in early times, by some trappers, in search of beaver, but no attempt by land has ever been successful.

From the knowledge gained by this expedition, I am of opinion that the size of the lake has been much exaggerated; and from observation, and what I have learned from the Mormons, who have made one or two excursions upon it in a small skiff, I am induced to believe that its depth has been much overrated. That it has no outlet, is now demonstrated beyond doubt; and I am convinced, from what I have seen, that it never can be of the slightest use for the purposes of navigation. The water, for miles out from the shore, wherever I have seen it, is but a few inches in depth; and if there be any deep water, it must be in the middle. The Utah river (or the Jordan, as the Mormons call it) is altogether too insignificant and too crooked to be of any use commercially. The greatest depth of the Utah Lake that we have found is sixteen feet; so that, for the purpose of a connected line of navigation, neither the river nor the lakes can be of the slightest utility. Such, at least, is my present impression. Further examination of Salt Lake may, perhaps, modify this opinion with regard to the latter. The river connecting these two lakes is forty-eight miles in length.

The delays and difficulties encountered in conducting their triangulation of a district of country extending two degrees in latitude and more than a degree in longitude, may be conceived from the fact that almost every stick of timber used in the construction of fourteen triangulation stations, thus far erected, has cost from twenty to thirty miles travel of a six-mule team, and that nearly, if not all, the water will have to be transported along with the different parties for their daily use. The captain adds:

Everything here is enormously high. The vicinity of the gold mines has made money plenty and labor scarce and dear. Ordinary mechanics get from \$2.50 to \$4.00 per day. Corn \$2.00 and oats from \$1.00 to \$1.50 a bushel. Potatoes at first were \$4.00, now \$2.00 a bushel. Flour from 10 to 15 cents per pound. Hay from \$12.00 to \$20.00 per ton, wild, and of a very inferior quality. Wood from \$12.00 to \$15.00 a cord, and everything else in proportion.

He expresses some fears that the party may not be able to complete their task the present season, but if the strenuous exertion, stimulated by the dread of another winter's imprisonment, amid surrounding mountains, buried in snow, and cut off from all communion with civilized society, can secure the object, it will certainly be accomplished. Success attend them!

From the Rochester Advertiser.

DOES NATURE PROVIDE A COMPASS?

Our curiosity has often been excited by the fact that birds and different animals find their way so readily to parts far distant, though they are perfect strangers to the regions over which they pass, as

well as the place to which they journey; their whole previous life having been spent, perhaps, within the narrow circuit of the place which gave them birth.

The swallow rears its young under our eaves. As soon as they can fly, they are busily engaged in seeking their food, and are ever on the wing. But they never wander very far from the neighborhood where they entered upon life. Summer, however, draws to a close, and the chilly mornings and evenings of autumn give them warning that a warmer latitude must be sought, and soon these little philosophers hold a consultation, and after a few flights, as if to assure themselves of the requisite strength of wing, or learn something necessary to their success, they, like Abraham leaving his father's house, journey southward. But Abraham knew not where he went. We do not know, however, that we can say this of our little adventurers, for they appear to know well. They do not go as if they thought they would be pilgrims and aliens in a strange land. They seem to expect other towns, and perhaps larger cities, where they can pursue their honest calling, and feel equal, if not superior, to the citizens of their new-found home. If they were experienced mariners, aiming for a distant port, and having the compass for their guide, they could not steer their tiny barks through the stormy elements with greater precision.

The carrier pigeon is frequently taken hundreds of miles from its home, and then, with a billet attached, it is set free. It mounts high and makes several large circles, as if taking observations before it commences the journey; and then, at once, as if it had found a hidden track, it starts off in a straight line; and the rain may beat and the winds blow, but it never forsakes its course until it arrives at its wished-for home.

The camels of the desert are described by travellers as possessing a similar peculiar instinct; those used on frequented routes do not exhibit it. Though there be not the slightest sign of a track, they never fail to choose the right line. One of the camels, taking the lead, advances at first very cautiously, taking now one direction, then another, until he appears to have discovered a true course; and in this he proceeds, followed by the others, and never deviating from the chosen line, until he arrives at his journey's end.

The question presses itself upon us; must there not be some pole star to which these tiny voyagers of the air, as well as the larger wanderers of the desert look, which guides them to their desired haven? Can they know the points of the compass? Is the sun their guide by day and the stars by night? Or is that electric current which points the compass to the north, and furnishes the adventurous traveller with a guide through unknown paths, also the director of their course? Can they inform themselves of its existence, and can they use it, like the mariner, to tell the way?

We can prove that animals are susceptible of electrical impressions. Professors, profound in research, have turned their attention to the connection existing between electricity and the nervous system. We are not speaking of the mysteries of mesmerism, but of the experiments reported in leading scientific works. A small wire, having one end inserted in the nerve of a man's arm, and on the other end having a needle finely balanced, will communicate from the nerve sufficient electricity to render the needle magnetic, and cause it to turn to the north; or, brought into contact with very fine iron filings, will attract them. Take a

number of frogs, cut off their legs, place these together, so as to form a voltaic pile, and with this connect a wire, on the other end of which is a needle nicely balanced, and the result will be the same. Such experiments at once prove the intimacy existing between electricity and animated nature.

The habits of birds and animals are studied by farmers and others; and from them they prognosticate an approaching storm. In such cases, is not the electricity of the atmosphere the principal agent in producing the peculiar effects which we observe?

Are we not even ourselves sensible of these influences? Nervous persons are much affected by atmospheric changes, which is owing to their susceptibility of electrical impressions. Some individuals are influenced by the electric current in a peculiar manner. We read of a physician who could only sleep with his head toward the north. The head of his bed was south, and when he retired, he was for a long time restless; and in the morning, when he awoke, he always found that in the night he had turned in the bed, and his head was north. He then had his bed reversed, the head being placed north, and he afterwards found no difficulty in obtaining sleep.

May not the short flights which the swallows, when collected for departure, perform in different directions, before they take their final leave, be their instinctive efforts to assure themselves of the direction of the electric current? And may not the circle made by the carrier pigeon, on the commencement of its journey, be for the same purpose?

And why that cautious exercise of some "mysterious sense" by the camel of the desert, before he takes his devious way over the trackless waste, if not to obtain a knowledge of that unseen power which takes the needle, and teaches it to guide the mariner over the briny deep? Does not the torpedo know at once whether a body is electric or not; and, unless it wishes to communicate a shock, avoid coming in contact with substances that would rob it of its electricity? Why, then, should not some birds and animals know the great electric current, and from it gain the knowledge of direction, which they possess in so superior a degree?

NEW BOOKS.

The Unity of the Human Races proved to be the Doctrine of Scripture, Reason, and Science. By Thomas Smyth, D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam.

Professor Agassiz, among others, has recently advocated the theory that the present varieties of the human race are descended from different stocks—a notion in direct opposition to his former statements on the subject. Dr. Smyth's present volume is founded on three lectures delivered by him in Charleston, in 1849, and also on a series of articles published in several southern papers. It shows much learning and research, and very ably demonstrates the truth of the scriptural account of the origin of all mankind from a single pair, and subsequently from Noah and his sons, and meets the objections founded on the supposed impossibility of such an original. He then enters into a carefully arranged and ably conducted positive argument for this unity, drawn from comparative anatomy, the principles of classification, the unity of the species, the nature and connection of language, history, and tradition, and the adaptation of Christianity to all. The unphilosophical assumptions of those who maintain the new theory are satisfactorily pointed out. Professor Agassiz's theory is specially examined, and shown to be inconsistent with Scripture and science. The injurious

effect of such a theory on the welfare and prospects of the negro race is demonstrated in a fervid and Christian spirit. Dr. Smyth refers to the ablest authorities, and his work evidences deep thought as well as sound arguments and scientific knowledge.—*Churchman*.

Dietetical and Medical Hydrology. A Treatise on Baths; including cold, sea, warm, hot, vapor, gas, and mud baths; also on the watery regimen, hydropathy and pulmonary inhalation; with a description of bathing in ancient and modern times. By John Bell, M. D., member of the American Medical Association, &c. Philadelphia: Barrington & Haswell.

This is a work not exclusively designed for the profession; it is peculiarly adapted for general readers, who will find in it an amount of information on the subjects treated which they will in vain look for in any other treatise. We have really been surprised to see with what inimitable skill the author has arranged his materials, and how abundant those materials are, presenting much that is instructive, as well as much that is curious. The reader will not fail to see that he is listening to one who has mastered his subject: not only by a careful perusal of the labors of others, but by extensive observation as a judicious and skillful practitioner. We need not speak of the importance and value of the bath as a preventive and cure of diseases; all who are sceptical on the subject we refer to Dr. Bell, who unfolds the merits of the various kinds of baths, and affords the necessary information as to the modes and times and circumstances of administration. Altogether the volume is such a one as will not only prove a public benefit, but increase the reputation of the author.—*Presbyterian*.

Letters of a Traveller; or, Notes of Things seen in Europe and America. By Wm. Cullen Bryant. New York: G. P. Putnam.

It is the prerogative of true genius to clothe familiar things in the garb of novelty, and to infuse into the narration of ordinary events a thousand new and living sympathies; and we can scarcely imagine a stronger test of the indwelling of this power within an author's mind, than the successful attempt to impart living and absorbing interest to a European tour at the present day. The field has been traversed in all directions, in straight lines, in circles, and by intersecting routes. The materials have been wrought up into every imaginable form of publication. Now for an author, who has already achieved an enviable reputation, which it would be unnatural not to be jealous to preserve, to adventure a record of travels in Europe or America, evinces either a most unwise temerity or a consciousness of inherent power and unexhausted resources which could create buds and blossoms even in the oft-trodden path of European and American travel.

We sincerely rejoice at Mr. Bryant's triumphant success in this adventurous attempt. He has given us a book fresh and charming as the early breezes of a summer's morn and full of the genial spirit of a true poet. We have read page after page with all the interest attaching to the description of an unexplored region, familiar as some of the localities and customs have been made to us by personal observation, and much as we have read about most of them. A genial criticism, an observant eye and a healthy philanthropy are apparent in every epistle, and an ardent, elevated patriotism blended with a truly cosmopolitan spirit. We thank Mr. Bryant for this volume scarcely less than we do for those poems which have enshrined his name in the popular memory and love, and shall return again and again to its delightful pages, as a charming relief from those severer and harsher studies which newspaper labors necessarily involve. We must add that the mechanical execution of the book is faultless.

Com. Adv.

Professor Liebig's "*Complete Works on Chemistry*" comprises his *Agricultural Chemistry*, *Animal Chemistry*, and *Familiar Letters on Chemistry*, and is the first collection of the works of the author ever made in this country. The well known value of Liebig's extraordinary contributions to his favorite science, and the remarkably low price of this edition, will insure it a wide circulation in this country. No intelligent farmer should fail to possess it. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

Railway Economy; a Treatise on the New Art of Transport, its Management, Prospects, and Relations, Commercial, Financial, and Social, with an Exposition of the Practical Results of the Railways in Operation in the United Kingdom, on the Continent, and in America. By Dionysius Lardner, D. C. L., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This volume, incomparably the most elaborate treatise yet produced on the subject of railways, should find an abundance of readers in a railroad community. A considerable portion, to be sure, is important to railroad officials chiefly, but many chapters furnish curious details which are pleasantly engaging if not valuable to almost anybody, while others treat of matters which should receive the earnest consideration of all who own or expect to own one dollar of railroad property. The accounts of the railways of France, Belgium and Germany are very full, and, to judge from the descriptions of the roads in the United States, they must be quite accurate. For a foreigner, and especially an Englishman, Dr. Lardner has made few errors with regard to this country, and he has succeeded in embodying a mass of facts, which will be new and strange to many natives of the soil. And in the driest portion of his volume he has interspersed many a curious statistic and clear scientific illustration. A series of entertaining articles might be easily arranged from these scattered facts.

We would call the attention of our readers to the chapters on the "Wear and Tear of Railways," and the "Maintenance and Reproduction of the Rolling Stock"—the latter term signifying cars and engines. The former is especially interesting to us, as advocating a course of action which we have long upheld, and which is now adopted by the best roads in New England—we mean the policy of regular dividends smaller than the apparent profits, and the formation of large contingent funds. We believe that the real profits on railroads generally are far below the dividends which have hitherto been paid. The property depreciates from year to year, and is not made good by the ordinary annual repairs. A time will come when extraordinary outlays will be necessary. With one or two exceptions, perhaps, the real profits on railways have not yet been ascertained, and we have no idea that, as a general thing, they can ever really pay much more than the legal rate of interest to their proprietors. The 10 per cent. concerns will sink to 8, the 8 per cents. to 6, and the 6 per cents. to 4; that is to say, if they pay no more than they should pay, and reserve what is now generally regarded as a fair percentage for emergencies, which must come sooner or later.

Dr. Lardner enters into all the particulars of railway management—investigates the cost of construction, and equipment, cost of carriage, the general expenses, the proportion of receipts, &c., &c. The description of the "General Clearing House" of the English roads, with statistics of its business, and an account of its system of operations, is very interesting. We do not know that the volume, as a whole, is very valuable, but we should think it might be of service to railroad managers, while as a book of reference for the general reader it is well worth purchasing. Much of its matter is pleasant to read. It contains many things which cannot be readily obtained elsewhere, as for instance the familiar and plain illustration of the action of a locomotive, travelling at the rate of seventy-five miles per hour. Of a kindred class are the facts relating to the old methods of transit prior to the use of steam and the iron rail.—*Boston Post.*

History of the Polk Administration. By Lucien B. Chase, a Member of the Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth Congress. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1850.

This work opens with a view of the contest that resulted in the election of Mr. Polk, and then proceeds to a consideration of the various questions that came up in Congress during his administration. A large portion of the volume is occupied with the Mexican war, and the narrative is clear, interesting and impartial. The reader will not only find here a detail of the brilliant progress of the American armies, but a good view of the rise of the whole Texan question. This history occupies seven of the twelve chapters of the book. Three other prominent questions occupy a proper degree of attention, and are treated much in the same way—namely, a concise detail given of their origin and progress—and those are the tariff,

the internal improvement, and the slavery questions. These are presented with great fulness and ability.

But the narrative in the text is not the only merit of this volume. It embodies, in the form of notes, many pertinent extracts from speeches and other documents, which give the views of both sides of a question. We must here, however, find a little fault with the author. The long Guadalupe Hidalgo treaty ought to have been put where Scott's and Marcy's letters are, in the appendix; and the same may be said of one or two other documents that run along through several pages of note. But this is mere matter of taste. These notes are valuable and most judiciously prepared. They cannot fail to be a most useful feature of the book.

This volume is a valuable addition to our political history. It contains facts gathered with care and much research, which the politician will find to be most convenient and useful, and which the general reader will find to be reliable. The author, though a member of the democratic party, and though in the main a defender of Mr. Polk's administration, is no blind eulogist. He does not hesitate to blame as well as praise. The reader will find here written in a friendly hand, and yet in an impartial manner, a good history of the remarkable events that will make Mr. Polk's administration stand out forever in our annals. The work is handsomely got up—no small recommendation—and is as creditable to the scholarship as it is to the patriotism of its author.—*Boston Post.*

An Introduction to the Water-Cure. By Thomas L. Nichols. New York: Fowler & Wells, No. 129 Nassau Street. 1850.

This is a simple and unpretending, but well-digested outline of the subject of which it treats. It gives a concise exposition of the general structure of the human constitution; of the invariable conditions of the healthful action of all the organs, and of the nature and causes of disease. It also passes in review the various systems of medicine that have prevailed, and then endeavors to show that the water cure is a certain, scientific and comprehensive means of preserving and restoring health.

The argument of this little work is for the most part well stated, and the manner of it unobjectionable, though it seems to us that the author, like most of those who vehemently adopt the new system, is quite too sweeping in his denunciation of all use of medicine. No one doubts that drugs are too frequently administered, and that the prevalent practice in regard to them is deleterious, but that they can be given in no form which will not poison the human body, and without exerting a particle of efficacy against disease, is a conclusion in the face of an experience so universal and well authenticated, that it may be called fanatical. When it is said, too, that the homœopathic preparations can have no effect whatever, it is merely asserting one's ignorance or prejudice against numerous very positive statements of facts.

N. Y. Ev. Post.

Eldorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire.

By Bayard Taylor, author of "*Vicies A-foot*," &c. With Illustrations by the author. New York: G. P. Putnam.

Our readers may remember that a few years since we called their attention to a book of travels, written by a sort of runaway apprentice, who, without money or friends, had stumped through Europe on his own natural conveyances, had seen everything that anybody saw, and finally, had written about as well as anybody could write, of the countries through which he had journeyed. That printer's apprentice was Bayard Taylor. After a long course of magazine practice, we are now presented with the records of his recent travels in California, under the auspices of the New York Tribune. They make two most beautiful volumes of as pleasant reading as can readily be found. They give both a real and romantic account of the "ins and outs" of Eldorado—the matters of fact and history and the personal adventures of the author. All sections of the country were visited by Mr. Taylor, and we can refer to no previous work as containing more practical information than this in hand. The style is clear, bright and spirited, and having said thus much, we are at the end of our rope. There is very little to be written of a book of travels, unless one have the requisite space to devote to extracts, or unless the book be particularly bad and exhibit gross ignorance and prejudice.—*Bost. Post.*

The Prompter. A Weekly Miscellany, devoted to Public Amusements. By Cornelius Matthews.

There are few more prolific writers among us than Mr. Matthews, who, not content with turning off a long novel now and then, writes a great deal for the literary papers, and edits a weekly of his own.

A publication like what the one before us is designed to be, has been long needed in the city, and if it is only managed with the independence of judgment required, will be extremely useful. We have little or no salutary criticism in our public papers; they confine themselves mostly to brief announcements of what is doing in the theatrical world, and seldom enter into any elaborate estimate of the merits of either actors or plays. Occasionally we have a good musical criticism in the *Mirror*, and the Sunday papers once in a while attempt a close analysis of the incidents of a drama, or of the qualities of a new actor, but beyond that our criticism is costive in the extreme.

In the foreign journals much more attention is paid to these matters. The large London papers make the careful and elaborate criticism of dramatic exhibitions one of their leading features; and the Paris papers, at least once a week, devote a long and generally well written feuilleton to the doings of the stage. We are pleased, therefore, to see that Mr. Matthews is aiming to introduce a higher style of criticism in this department. That he is capable of it, is shown in the following remarks upon a character of Miss Cushman's which we find in the second number of the Prompter:

"The Meg Merrilles of Miss Cushman seems to abstract and embody in itself—in a perfect individual reality—all we have seen or known, or had presented to us in the stage or closet—of wild women—crazed prophetesses—strange in attire—sore distraught in spirit—and borne above the common flight of their sex by something demonic and supernatural.

"For details, in confirmation of our general judgment of this grand performance, we may notice the assumption of a peculiar walk and mien—the one gliding, rapid, and fitful, as of a mind unsettled—the other wild, determined, and hard as the front of fate itself. The gestures, too, angular, abrupt, and in the nature of a reversal or retroaction of the motions of ordinary creatures; and a voice strange and changeful as the rising and falling of the gusty winds. As an example of the varied propriety of tone in which the language of the character is uttered by Miss Cushman, we may refer to the delivery of the complaint, in which a separate emphasis was bestowed on each word, denoting a climax of feeling—"I was scourged for mad"—was sent whirling as with the rush of the thong itself descending on her person: and, of 'banished for mad' with a keen cry of agony. All the interlacings and interlocutory appeals of the character were well considered and admirably managed. The screams and cries of scorn, anger, pity, and suffering, were those of the wild creatures of the field and not of common mortal people. The transitions from one phase of feeling to another were often sudden and startling, but always conducted with equal judgment—as were her variations of appeal when turning from one character to another of those about her. The chant in the second act is specially noticeable, as unlike anything on the stage—partly said, partly sung; and in its strangeness and fearful depth of sorrow, touching the very heart of feeling, and moving us, critics and critical as we are, to tears."—*N. Y. Ev. Post*.

David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens. 2 Vols. G. P. Putnam.

The interesting serial on which Dickens is now engaged, has reached the close of the first volume, which is handsomely issued by Putnam. It is, on the whole, as far as it has gone, one of the best of Dickens' books. There is less exaggeration in it than in his previous works; the style, though diffuse enough, is more careful and accurate than his style is usually; and the characters, while they are nearly all new and varied, are drawn with greater fidelity to nature than he has sometimes exhibited. It is true that most of them repeat their favorite jokes a little too often, but that is a peculiarity which we readily forgive in the presence of other and better traits. There are few of Dickens' nauseously goodish people, and fewer still of his extravagantly bad people, in the book, while some of them, as Mr. and Mrs. Macomber, and Miss Mowcher, are admirable creatures.

N. Y. Ev. Post.

Lester's "Gallery of Illustrious Americans,"

No. 6, is not inferior to any of the preceding numbers. The portrait of Colonel Fremont is a noble specimen of daguerreotype and lithograph, which it would be difficult to surpass in natural and effective expression. The calm, earnest, self-sustained features are indicative of high intellectual qualities, and the life-like air of the whole picture is an assurance that it is true to the original. A sketch of Colonel Fremont's adventurous life, written with uncommon terseness and point, does justice to his character. The fly-leaf, devoted to Art and Criticism, gives an anecdotal and gossiping, but very interesting, biography of the eminent portrait painter, Mr. Charles L. Elliott, of this city.—*Tribune*.

Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution. By Benson J. Lossing. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is the first part of a unique publication, which will be completed in about twenty numbers. It may be more particularly described as a series of "illustrations, by pen and pencil, of the history, scenery, biography, relics and traditions of the war for independence." The author personally visited all the sites made famous by the stirring events of the revolutionary war, collected with immense pains every tradition or anecdote connected with these events, sketched from nature each locality, and incorporating such anecdotes or facts as he thus obtained with authentic history, blending therewith a narrative of his tour, has produced a book of extraordinary value. The illustrations give a vast additional interest to the text, allowing of the most minute description, and bringing the various scenes vividly before the reader. The publishers have sympathized in the author's desire to present a book worthy of the theme, and have surpassed themselves in the typographical beauty of the work, while they have kept down the price, so that the whole series shall be accessible to the great majority of the people. We expect that Mr. Lossing's book will be exceedingly popular.

Com. Adr.

No. 2 surpasses, if possible, the first number, which we recently highly commended, in the beauty of its illustrations, and the interest of its descriptions. Mr. Lossing writes with a frankness and sincerity of feeling that is truly delightful, and reproduces the fading scenes of past days in the spirit of genuine antiquarian enthusiasm.

Tribune.

No. 3 is so complete and exquisite in all its appointments as to bring a smile over the face of the most wrinkled-browed critic.—*Ibid.*

The Vale of Cedars; or the Martyr.

This is the title of a new romance, recently republished from the London edition by the Messrs. Appleton, New York, and Crosby & Nichols, Boston. It is by Grace Aguilar, author of *Home Influence*, *Woman's Friendship*, &c. &c. It is written, as are the other works by the same author, with considerable power, and the tale is a highly wrought and interesting one, though somewhat sad. The scene is laid in Spain, and Ferdinand and Isabella are among the dramatis personæ. A short memoir of the author is prefixed to the work, by which it appears that she was of Jewish parentage, and died in the year 1847, at the age of thirty-one.

Daily Adr.

The Professor's Lady. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A charming domestic story, translated from Auerbach by Mary Howitt.—*Tribune*.

Circassia; or, a Tour to the Caucasus. By George L. Ditson. New York: Stringer & Townsend.

We were much interested in this volume on its first appearance, and are not surprised that it has so rapidly passed to a second edition. In its present form it is really "new and revised," the author having made several emendations and the publishers having seized upon the opportunity to demonstrate that they can successfully vie with the elegance and liberality of mechanical execution which distinguishes the present era of book-making. We predict a yet larger sale for Mr. Ditson's lively and charming volume, which we cordially commend to the reader. A spirited and graceful wood cut of a Circassian lady in Armenian costume accompanies the work.—*Com. Adr.*

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E. LITTELL & CO., Boston.

WASHINGTON, 27 Dec. 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this, by its great extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS